

Taylor University

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SCRAP BOOK



OUR TWIN BABIES.

[Sadie Louise Miller.]

DEAR little Black-eyes, o'er brim-
ming with fun,
Cheeks full of dimples—hands
never still;
Feet ever ready on errands to run
For the Goddess of Mischief, who
hastens to fill
My dear baby's heart
With her cunning art.
Yet, dear little Black-eyes, you're my
precious one.
Sweet little Blue-eyes, so lovely, so
pure,
Heavenly treasure, sent from above,
Face like the face of an angel, I'm sure;
With your bright golden ringlets,
you merit the love,
Which to you I impart
From the depth of my heart,
My sweet little Blue-eyes, I look and
adore.

THE HILLS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

OH, the hills of Pennsylvania,
With their beech and birches tall,
And their maple, oak and poplar
I can't help but love them all.
And the laurel on the mountains,
And the hazel thickets green,
Are more fresh and more alluring
That ever I have seen.
Every dale is filled with grandeur
In the beautiful sunrise,
And the mountains, streams and
valleys,
Are a perfect paradise.
I have crossed the Rocky Mountains,
Seen McKinley's noble crest,
And I've seen the rough Sierras
In the glorious southwest,
I have seen the far-off Andes,
And the Alps cold icy peaks,
And many hills and valleys
While on my worldly treks,
And I know a mental picture
As I roam the seven seas,
Of the distant Himalayas
And the Spanish Pyrenees.
But the hills of Pennsylvania
I simply can't forget,
Somehow they're more endearing
Than any I've seen yet.

—Harold Matthews

Reynshanhurst.

The Old D. & H. Gravity.

Verses written to commemorate the do-
ings of the men who gave loyal service to
their employers when the old system of
handling coal was popular and profitable.

(By John McComb.)

The blowing of the whistles at the break-
ing of the day
Was the harbinger of labor and the cer-
tainty of pay;
There was music in the atmosphere when
wheels began to hum,
And a rhythmic sort of cadence in the
rolling of the drum.

As long as coal was coming and the en-
gines were in trim,
The boys would keep cars moving till the
shades of night were dim;
And then they'd fix up torches, if a break
had caused delay,
And work far in the gloaming to assist
the trains away.

From Twenty-eight to Number Nine
'twas up the hill they'd go,
And then descend the Moosic to the level
far below;
By gravity to Honesdale, from old Way-
mart they would run,
And take all kinds of weather 'till another
day was done.

Along the line from Foot of G the "loads"
would travel east
Until they reached the old canal where
boating now has ceased;
But in the good old summer time, for
more than sixty years,
The docks and boats were always manned
by scrapping volunteers.

The "lights" came back another track by
steam and fans and grade,
And there were men to manage them who
never seemed dismayed;
For they could handle slings and sprags
or set a brake for fair,
And get a train from plane to plane while
things were in repair.

Those good old times, when good old
chimes were blown from engine steam
Have passed away but day by day they
haunt us like a dream;
For since the year of ninety-eight, when
the old road ceased to be,
The romance of a railroad man has less
variety.

For the Shepherd's crook and Horseshoe
curve, the spur and pinion wheels,
The old shave-pit and the balance-box
and the drum with its forty reels,
The cone and ling, the compound brake,
and the twist that ground the rope,
Are all in the minds of the old time men
who received a snub to their hope.

Now ponds are lakes with fancy names,
and strangers come and go
To see the sights from Farview heights,
and the fields of Wayne below;
The trains roll by with heavy cars in a
modern sort of way,
While the gravity men may show their
scars and celebrate the day.

Read at Farview re-union Saturday,
Sept. 1, 1906.

— STORAGE POCKET FOR CLIPPINGS —

TAYLOR UNIVERSITY BULLETIN

Entered as second class matter at Upland, Ind., April 8, 1900, under Act of Congress, July 16, 1894

VOL. XXIX, NO. 2

APRIL 1937

ISSUED MONTHLY

Friends of Taylor

Two of Taylor's choice friends have gone to Heaven this year, Mrs. Ella G. Magee January 13 and Bishop William F. Oldham on Easter morning.

While the church bells were pealing out their call to worship, Bishop Oldham went to be with the Risen Christ. Bishop Oldham has been vitally interested in Taylor University for many years. It was he who, some two years before Dr. Stuart came to the presidency of Taylor University, out on the front porch of the Magee dormitory, said, "I feel, Dr. Stuart, that you must come into the task at Taylor University—that God has laid His hand upon you." As he made this statement to Dr. Stuart personally, he said, "The task is so difficult that it may cost your life before you are through."

Such a sentiment as this is in harmony with what Bishop Taylor had prayed for young Oldham in India, when the good Bishop said, "Make William feel that he who hears the Gospel must take it to others, and make William a

good soldier of Jesus Christ—one who will suffer hardness for Him." Bishop Oldham certainly answered this prayer of Bishop Taylor, and lived a wonderful life.

Soon after President Stuart was elected to Taylor University, there came this word from Bishop Oldham to Dr. Stuart:

"I recognize the difficulty of the job ahead of you, and am much in prayer that you may find some way out. You have already taken the hearts of the student body by storm, and you will succeed similarly with the patrons of the school, and other friends you will find to back you in your most difficult undertaking."

In another personal letter to President Stuart, he said:

"We shall be much in prayer for you on Friday and our earnest wish is for you to be enabled from above for the great and difficult but thoroughly worthwhile task that is before you. With affectionate regards."

Below is a quotation from the Zion's Herald:

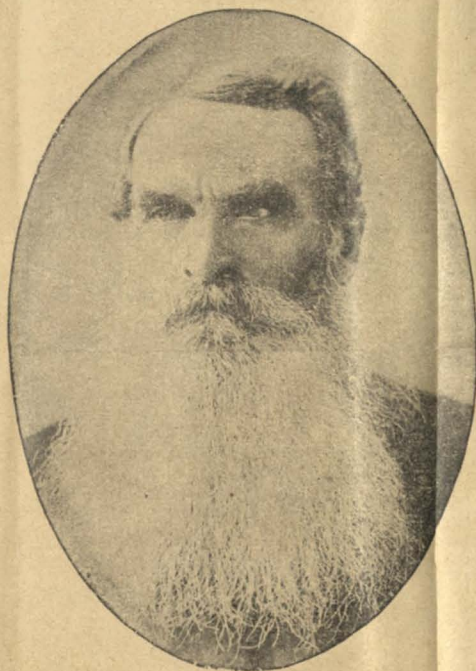
"Twice elected to episcopal leadership in the Methodist Episcopal Church—in 1904 as a missionary Bishop and again in 1916 as a general superintendent—Bishop Oldham belonged to that famous group of episcopal leaders of the older generation which included such men as Thoburn, Bashford, Lewis, and Stuntz, all of them giants in missionary passion and unswerving devotion to the task of world evangelization. Bishop Oldham's death, therefore, vividly recalls that period in the life of Methodism when the watch-words were 'The open door' and 'The salvation of the world in this generation.' Those were the days when devoted laymen poured out their money for this missionary cause, and multitudes of young men and women volunteered for missionary service beyond the seas.

"Bishop Oldham was a

missionary statesman of magnetic personality, sound administrative judgment, and wide knowledge and experience of the Christian movement in foreign lands. He was the son of a military officer in the Indian army and was born in Bangalore, December 15, 1854. Converted in one of the William Taylor revivals in India, he later came under the influence of James M. Thoburn and was led to consecrate his life to the missionary cause."

We still feel that Taylor University is ready to enter the open door for the salvation of the world in this generation. We have scores of young men and young women who are ready to go when the opportunity presents itself.

Mrs. Ella G. Magee, who slipped away January 13, felt that Taylor was one of the outstanding pieces of work in which she had been interested. She put considerably over \$100,000 into Taylor during her lifetime, and
(Continued on Page Two)



BISHOP WILLIAM TAYLOR
"Apostle to the World"



BISHOP WILLIAM F. OLDHAM
"Spiritual Child of Bishop Taylor"

feel that with his passing goes one of the greatest of Kingdom builders, one who served God and man and was loved by all who knew him. Alike

prayers of the alumni of Taylor in all parts of the world will be that God will comfort them in their loss.

[Sadie Louise Miller.]

DEAR little Black-eyes, o'er brim-
ming with fun,
Cheeks full of dimples
never still;
Feet ever ready on errands
For the Goddess of Mis-
hastens to fill
My dear baby's heart
With her cunning art
Yet, dear little Black-eyes,
precious one.
Sweet little Blue-eyes, so
pure,
Heavenly treasure, sent fit
Face like the face of an angel
With your bright golden
you merit the love.
Which to you I impart
From the depth of my
My sweet little Blue-eyes,
adore.

Friends of Taylor (Continued)



MRS. ELLA G. MAGEE
Who called Bishop Oldham "Saint of
God"

had many practical, constructive plans for Taylor's future.

Mrs. Magee loved Taylor and was vitally interested in it up to the time of her going. In a letter from Mrs. Magee on October 25, 1936, she tells us how she thanks the college for their prayers for her recovery. Among other things she said:

"I was so glad to have the visit of you and your wife to us a short time ago.

"I told you both, and I repeat it, that I am glad you are President of Taylor, as I think you are especially fitted for the position—I have always felt that you had natural qualities of geniality and attraction that would appeal to earnest, worthwhile young people to win them to Christ, for they would see your wholeheartedness to God, and desire for His glory, with no self-seeking or selfishness on your part.

"So I hope you will be President of Taylor for a long time, and as long as God wants you to be there. I heard 'that saint of God,' Bishop Oldham, felt just this way about you as I always have and he wanted you to be President of Taylor.

"You have a simplicity, earnestness and sympathy like a loving Father to His children, and I don't wonder some of your own boys are and want to be preachers. You have shown them that the greatest thing in the world is to 'lead people to God' and for them to do His will.

"I want to say before I close, that I think you are so wise in running the college economically. It means so much and is so necessary to success. And I do hope Taylor will be the spiritual, fundamental school it has been

and great for God's glory in the students it turns out to work for Him.

"May God give you health, strength and wisdom to go on in His might and power."

Mrs. Magee has come to the rescue of Taylor in some of its most difficult, trying financial hours, and her eyes fairly sparkled as she talked about the work on Taylor's campus and the kind of training we were giving and the students we were sending out to carry on the work Bishop Oldham, Dr. Munhall, and many of these saints of God were doing.

In the going of these two loyal friends, Taylor has sustained a great loss, but their influence and power will continue to abide.

"Taylor University today stands for the very finest there is in the educational world, but along with it is definitely and enthusiastically Christian. We are consecrating our hearts and lives anew to this wonderful task.



President Robert L. Stuart at the grave of Bishop William Taylor dedicating himself to Taylor University's World-Wide Mission

If God is laying it upon your heart for a revival or Youth's Conference then write to Taylor University at once asking for definite date and a choice group of young people to lead in this blessed work that God is so signally honoring.

WILLIAM TAYLOR FOUNDATION

Ten dollars makes you a member of the Foundation and gives you a vote in the annual meeting.

Your gift makes you a partner in the outstanding work of an effective Christian College.

In order to be effective and stabilize the finances of the college these memberships must continue from year to year and new memberships must be constantly added.

If you have not sent your membership this year please do it at once.

If you have not taken a membership yet please write at once telling when you can send it. The college each year must raise over and above student tuitions and fees twenty-five thousand dollars a year in order to keep the rating as a standard college of liberal arts.

Taylor University is dependent upon the sacrificial gifts of her friends.

Spiritual Pioneers

Dear Brother Stuart:

Your letter came the other day and I was glad to receive it and hear from you about the Youth Conference. Two of our young people attended and I had them take most of my evening service to report. It brought a blessing to our own church.

I know of no movement in this part of the country that is going to mean as much for the future of the Kingdom of God as that youth meeting at Taylor. Our youth are hungering for the real Bread of Life and spiritual depth and in many cases are being handed a sop.

I am in rather close contact with the spiritual group of youth in Indianapolis and know how they are instituting their own prayer meeting that they may have opportunity to seek deeper Christian experience. I believe in it and in you, your institution, and this new youth movement. I have been delivering an address to youth around here. The subject is "The New Challenge to Youth," based on Acts 2:8.

May God bless you and yours richly.

Sincerely,

M. O. Robbins.

Edgewood M. E. Church
Indianapolis.

DR. J. FRANK COTTINGHAM IS CALLED HOME TO GLORY

Taylor University recently lost another staunch friend when Dr. J. Frank Cottingham was called home to glory early Thursday morning, January 19, at the age of 64. This loss is keenly felt by all the alumni and friends of Taylor. To know this man of God was to love him; he was known and loved by thousands throughout the world.

Dr. Frank, as he was affectionately known to his close friends, was a power for God wherever he ministered. In the 23 years he and Mrs. Cottingham spent laboring in the Philippine Islands, over 22,000 souls were baptized and over 35,000 were led to Christ through his ministry. What a glorious, victorious life he lived!

In 1908 Dr. Cottingham accepted his first charge under the Methodist church in the North Indiana Conference. In 1910 he



Dr. J. Frank Cottingham

and Mrs. Cottingham sailed for the Philippine Islands for missionary service. In 1913 he was named superintendent of the Philippine Islands Central District and later superintendent of

the Manila District; also during this time he was editor of the Philippine Observer and spent much time in translating the Bible into the Philippine language.

The years from the fall of 1933 to the spring of 1935 he was a member of the faculty of Taylor University. While here he taught Missions and Religious Education. Taylor students loved him; literally scores of students were led to Christ through his short teaching ministry at this institution.

Through all of his life Dr. Cottingham was the same quiet, humble, deep, spirit-filled man. His life as well as his ministry was a constant testimony to the power of God. He will be missed, not only at Taylor, but throughout the world where his ministry has been felt.

ly away.

During the past winter Dr. and Mrs. Wray resided at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Glenn Maddox, of Muncie. He returned but five weeks ago to his home on the campus where he had hoped to spend the beautiful summer months.

Dr. Wray was born in Shelby county, Indiana, October 30, 1855. He was graduated from De Pauw University in 1874, at the age of nineteen. After his graduation he immediately took up the law profession and was admitted to the bar at Greenfield, Ind. There he practised law for two years. But at this period in his career, he experienced a distinct call of God to enter the ministry. He was admitted to the North Indiana Conference of the Methodist Church which appointed him to consecutive charges, one at Spiceland, Ind., the other at Rome City, Ind.

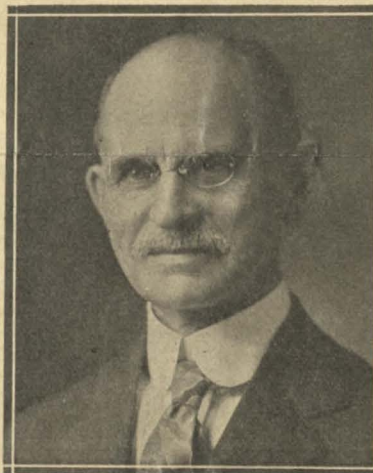
He took his theological training at Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J. After being graduated from Drew he was admitted to the New York East Conference of the M. E. Church. Shortly after this time he was called to the Calvary Presbyterian Church of Lockport, N. Y. It was during his pastorate at Lockport that his father died after which he returned to Indiana at the persuasion of his mother.

He returned to Shelbyville, Ind., the home of his parents, and devoted his time to evangelistic work. Finally he was called to Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky., to accept a place on the faculty. For three years he taught Bible, Theology and similar subjects. He also served as Dean and Acting President. In 1909 Dr. Wray accepted a chair at Taylor University which he maintained for 20 fruitful years. Scores of men and women are living testimonies to his services in the field of Bible and Theology. Both Taylor and Asbury feel that with his passing goes one of the greatest of Kingdom builders, one who served God and man and was loved by all who knew him. Alike

had instructed. The most outstanding student of Dr. Wray is Dr. E. Stanley Jones.

Dr. Wray enjoyed writing. Even up until his last days he wrote sermons and speeches which he carefully filed away. His best known books are "Must the Bible Go" and "The Book of Job." All of his writings give a glimpse into his beautiful soul and stand as glowing testimonies to his convictions.

Dr. Wray is survived by his wife, Mrs. Wray; two daughters, Mrs. Glenn Maddox, of Muncie, and Mrs. Marshall Williams, of Indianapolis; and one son, Newton, Wray, Jr.; one brother, Albert F. Wray, and one sister, Mrs. Jacob DePrez, both of Shelbyville, Indiana.



Funeral services were held in the college chapel at four o'clock on Wednesday, April 19. The Reverend Jesse Fox of the Upland Methodist Episcopal Church, to which church the members of the family belong, was in charge of the service. Others of Dr. Wray's friends spoke. Among them were Dr. Monroe Vayhinger, Dr. B. W. Ayres and President Robert Lee Stuart.

On Thursday morning the body was removed to Shelbyville where interment services were held.

The influence of the life of Dr. Wray will be felt for many years to come through alumni of Taylor who were his students. Probably no other man in Taylor's history has been better loved by a large number of men and women, and his memory will be held sacred.

Mrs. Wray will continue to live on the campus, and is at the present engaged in writing newspaper publicity for the University. The many friends of the Wray family take this means of expressing their most sincere sympathy. The prayers of the alumni of Taylor in all parts of the world will be that God will comfort them in their loss.

The Opening of Taylor University

By DR. MONROE VAYHINGER

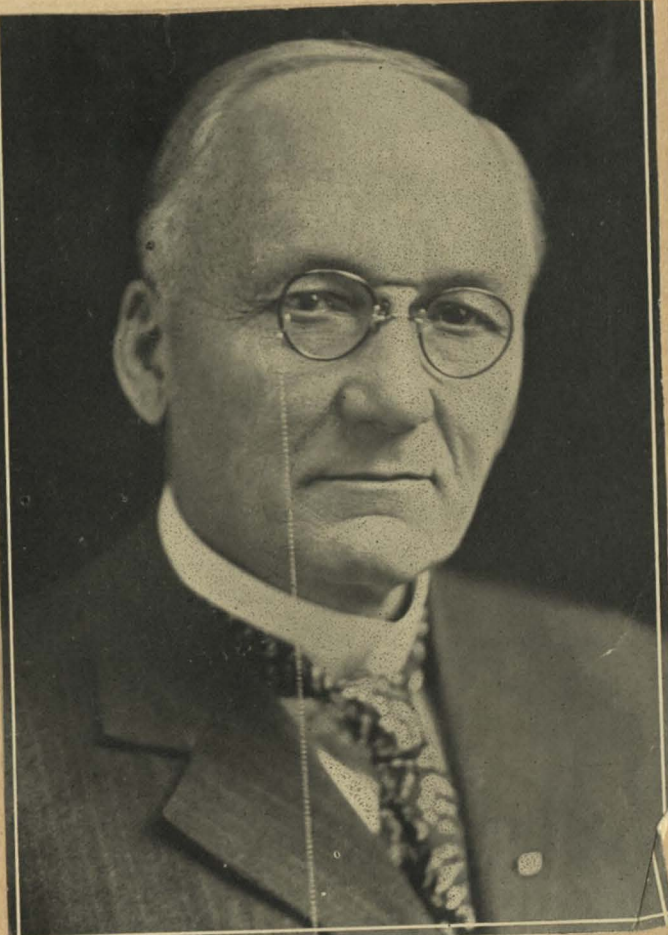
(How wonderful has been the counsel of this man of God. He was president of Taylor University for over 13 years. His inspiration to President Stuart has helped tremendously. He exemplifies in heart and life the things for which Taylor stands.— *President Stuart*)

It was my great privilege to be present at the opening of Taylor University. What a delight it was to see the students rolling in by the hundreds. The school has been on the up-grade for many days and we were expecting all this, but when they came we were more than delighted.

Perhaps the great event of the opening was the Thursday night prayer meeting. People would think we were having a celebration of some kind if they could have seen the number that voluntarily came to this prayer meeting. Dr. Huffman, Dean of the School of Religion, led the service. His subject was "Prayer." He read a few scriptures and gave some pungent thoughts on that subject, then had them kneel in prayer. As I looked over the audience nearly all of them were kneeling. A few who did not kneel were bowing their heads. It was certainly a sight that filled one with delight. Then the testimonies — what ringing testimonies they gave! The new students and the old united in giving praise to the Lord. Perhaps this was the greatest beginning prayer meeting in the history of the school. It set the pace for the whole year. It will be a devotional year.

Then on Friday night came the Holiness League. The Society Hall was more than filled. Some had to take seats outside the door. This was entirely in charge of the students. Mr. Hunter of Milan led the meeting. Mr. Yunker, with his usual pep, vim, and go, made the singing inspiring and uplifting. Oh, how

God's people do sing! Then a few scriptures were read, and prayer given. How they did pray there! They threw their heart into it. They prayed right out of their hearts. Then Mr. Anderson gave a few earnest words of exhortation. Really the revival is on. The evangelist will not be here until October, but Taylor University doesn't wait for the evangelist. They are ready for a revival any time. What a delight it would be to the parents of these students if they could have looked in to see what a wonderful, inspiring meeting there was for their young people. How many mothers have come to us with tears and a weeping voice saying, "Oh, if I had only known of Taylor University. Our young people



have come home with shattered faith and having lost all they had when they left." Let's tell people

about Taylor University and what it will mean to the young people.

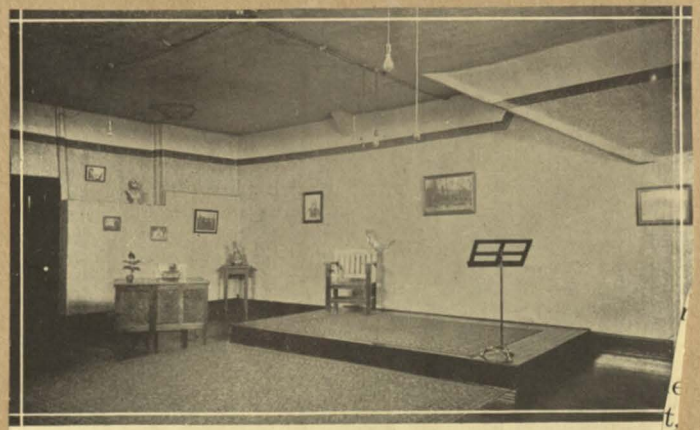
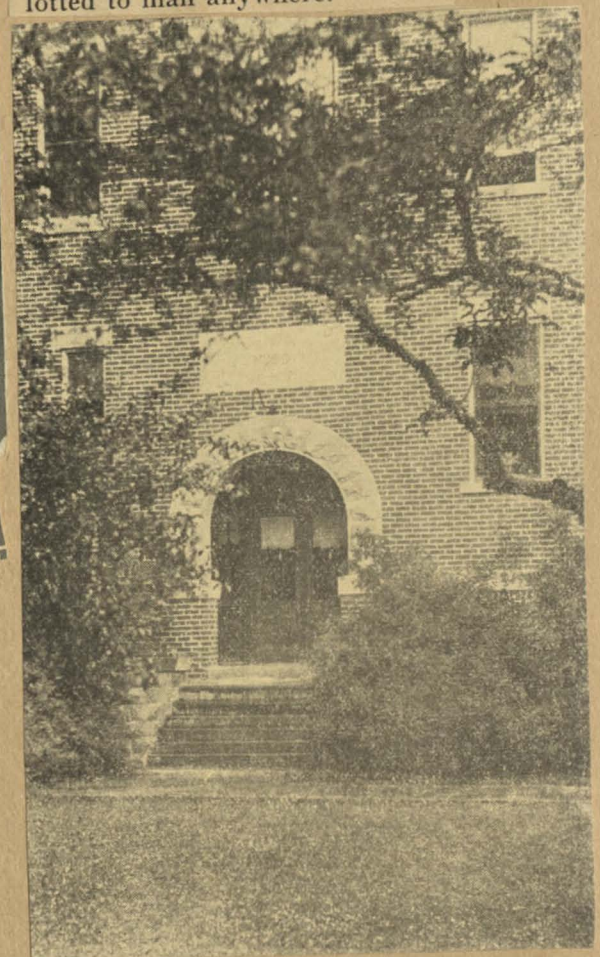
Then on Sunday morning great numbers flocked to the churches for Sunday school and the church service. They lift the churches Godward.

Monday morning there was the same atmosphere in the chapel as there had been in the prayer meeting. The evangelist will find the people ready when he comes.

Heretofore they have never had the first three stories of the large dormitory filled. They have never opened up the fourth story, but last night President Stuart told me that the last room in the first three stories was taken, and if any more come they will have to open the fourth story. It would be a great subject of prayer throughout this year for people who believe in the Bible and things spiritual to pray that next year not only the three lower stories be filled, but every story in this great dormitory and in Swallow-Robin, and in Sammy Morris. It will not only bless the school, but will bless every young man and woman that comes here.

Perhaps one of the greatest religious works would be to pray for Taylor University and, if God provides, to help her financially. Pray that these great dormitories may be filled next year with students of the same character as these present students, that they may be fitted for life's great work.

May God bless Taylor University, and her president in one of the hardest jobs that is allotted to man anywhere.



A man with a message. Where Taylor students learn to speak.

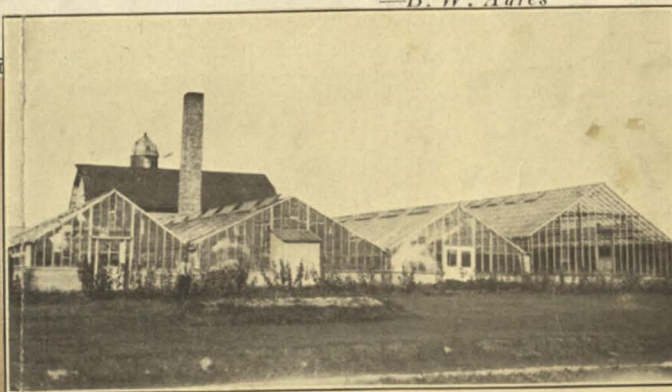


Dr. B. W. Ayres Ph. D. Vice President
Faithful to Taylor for Many Years

THANKSGIVING

Shall I be thankful just today
When custom calls for me to say
"I thank Thee Lord?" Or shall I pay
My debt of thanks upon the way
As blessings come each day and hour,
And I am given grace and power
To see that from the clouds which lower
My life may be refreshed with shower?
The rain that makes the mud, makes grow
The happy sweet-faced flowers that blow;
And tears shot through with faith may glow
As light-touched rain-drops make the bow
Whose glorious arch above the path
Of raging storm's receding wrath
Turns fear to hope. The faith that hath
The power to cleanse is like the bath
That clears and soothes the dust-filled eye.
The soul that trusts can see the sky
When clouds hang low or night-birds fly;
When wealth takes wings, and honors die.
Then let each day Thanksgiving bring —
An offering to our Lord and King;
Let life and voice together sing
As upward borne on Hope's strong wing.

But now the multitude, the throng,
In unison take up the song;
I'll join this chorus loud and strong:
"All thanks and praise to Him belong."
—B. W. Ayres



They grow in spite of rain and snow. Our Greenhouses.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1943



Mrs. B. W. Ayres
Picture courtesy Hartford City News-Times

Mrs. Ayres, Prominent Resident, Dies

Mrs. Mary Etta Ayres, 77, wife of Dr. Burt W. Ayres, vice president of Taylor University, died at 5:25 a. m. Saturday morning, February 13, at the Blackford County hospital, Hartford City, following an extended illness.

Funeral services were conducted Tuesday afternoon at the Upland Methodist church, with the pastor, Rev. J. F. Stephenson in charge. He was assisted in tribute to Mrs. Ayres by Dr. Robert Lee Stuart, president of Taylor; Prof. W. C. Dennis, superintendent of the Methodist church school; Mrs. J. A. Howard, president of the Eunice Wilson W. C. T. U.; and Miss Sadie Miller of the Dorcas Bible class.



Of all w
Responde
All other

O. F. cemetery at Montpelier. A native of near Montpelier, Mrs. Ayres was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Huggins. She was born February 8, 1866, and is the last of the immediate family of Mr. and Mrs. Huggins.

Mrs. Ayres had a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. She took an active and leading part in church and W. C. T. U. work for many years, and came into contact with thousands of young people through association with her husband's work.

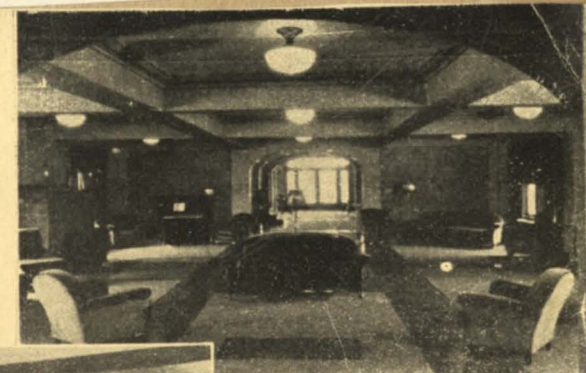
Dr. and Mrs. Ayres resided in Montpelier for a few years after their marriage, where he was head of the public school system from 1890 to 1892. They also lived in Dunkirk for four years when Dr. Ayres was in the lumber business there. They moved to Upland in 1897.

Dr. Ayres has served as a member of the Taylor University staff for more than 40 years. Since 1923 he has been vice president of the institution. Prior to that date, he served as dean and at two periods was acting president. He began his services with Taylor University in 1897 and continued there until 1906, when Dr. and Mrs. Ayres went to Iowa. In Iowa, Dr. Ayres served as dean and acting president of a college until 1910 when they returned to Taylor. In addition to his administrative duties here, he is a teacher of philosophy.

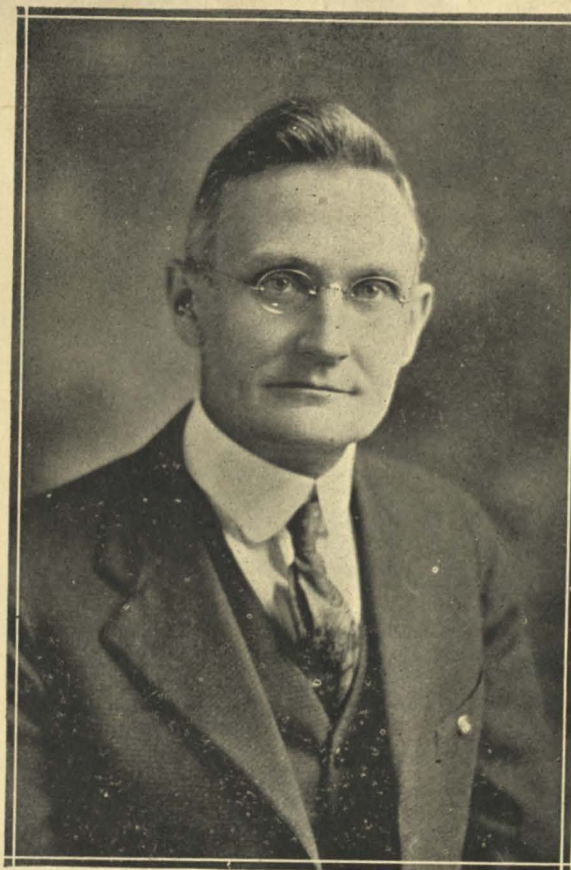
Surviving are the husband; three sons, Lt. Cmdr. Wendell W. Ayres, in the medical corps of the U. S. Naval reserve, stationed at the submarine base at New London, Conn.; Dr. Kenneth Ayres, surgeon at Anderson; and Dr. Gilbert Ayres, professor at Smith College, Northampton, Mass.; a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Lola Ayres of Naperville, Ill., widow of Arthur H. Ayres, who died in December 1918; and seven grandchildren, Herbert W. Ayres, of Denver, Colo.; Robert H. Ayres of Upland; Elizabeth, John and Ruth Ayres, of New London, Conn., and Margaret and Barbara Ayres of Northampton, Mass. Two children of Dr. and Mrs. Ayres died in infancy.

Warm tribute to the high Christian character of Mrs. Ayres was voiced by those who took part in the last rites for her. Those who spoke of her friendship, her influence and her steadfastness spared nothing in their praise.

Taylor's Beautiful Parlors



Where Many
Happy Hours
Are Spent



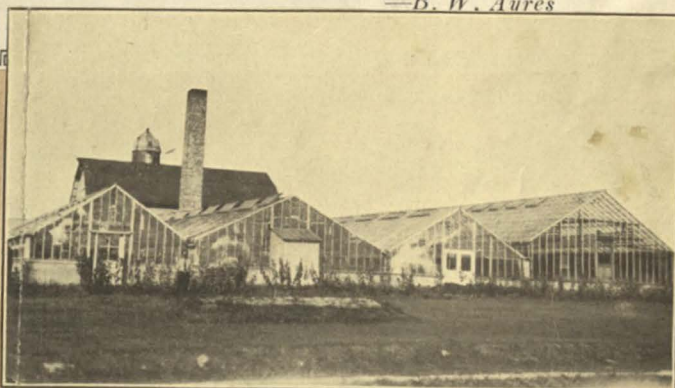
Dr. B. W. Ayres Ph. D. Vice President
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My debt of thanks upon the way
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And I am given grace and power
To see that from the clouds which lower
My life may be refreshed with shower?
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The happy sweet-faced flowers that blow;
And tears shot through with faith may glow
As light-touched rain-drops make the bow
Whose glorious arch above the path
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Turns fear to hope. The faith that hath
The power to cleanse is like the bath
That clears and soothes the dust-filled eye.
The soul that trusts can see the sky
When clouds hang low or night-birds fly;
When wealth takes wings, and honors die.
Then let each day Thanksgiving bring —
An offering to our Lord and King;
Let life and voice together sing
As upward borne on Hope's strong wing.

But now the multitude, the throng,
In unison take up the song;
I'll join this chorus loud and strong:
"All thanks and praise to Him belong."

—B. W. Ayres



They grow in spite of rain and snow. Our Greenhouses.

Pres. Robert Lee Stuart recently received a note from an alumnus of the old Fort Wayne College, Judge O. N. Heaton. In this was enclosed a striking poem, part of which reads as follows:

"We were younger then;
And now we are busy, tired men —
Tired with playing a foolish game;
Tired with trying to make a name.
'Tomorrow,' I say, 'I will call on Jim,
Just to show that I'm thinking of him.'"

But tomorrow comes — and tomorrow goes.
And the distance between us grows and grows
Around the corner! yet miles away
'Here's a telegram, sir.' 'Jim died today.'"

Pres. Stuart asked Dr. B. W. Ayres to write a poem along similar lines addressed to the Taylor alumni, and Dr. Ayres has penned the following:

Procrastination . . .

Procrastination — an ominous word!
"I meant to do it" too often is heard;
My good intentions with floating date
Were brought to a stop by a fact — "too late."
Tomorrow, next week, next month, next year
And with each lengthened span the vision less clear.
Impeded by habit's deepening rut,
We arrive at decision and find the door shut.

Not alone to self-loss does this danger apply
There's the suffering of others — needs we could supply.
There are causes that languish, hopes turn to despair,
And life's richest treasures just vanish in air,
Because delayed action arrives there too late.
Should we call it a sin to procrastinate?

If your own biological mother had need,
For new clothes, or for food, or for general care
Even though far away, would you not promptly heed
Just the same as you would if you were right there?
And you'd hardly await a more prosperous day,
But you'd share what you have and send right away,
For you'd rather send comforts to her while she's here,
Than to send a big floral design for her bier.
You'd rather have less that she might have more
But (paradox strange!) that is not how we score
In the realm of the soul: for we save what we share,
And we lose what we keep; that's the book-keeping there!

by
Burt
Wilmot
Ayres



And now, an analogy I would relate
About this my theme: "Procrastinate": —

Your "Alma Mater" needs your care.
Her bills for physical repair
And some new clothes, as you will see,
For mere respectability,
And daily needs should now be paid
By generous sharing, filial aid.
Don't let the FEW have ground to say
For their Dear Mother's care that they
Of all who at her table ate
Responded to participate:
All others did procrastinate.

Taylor's Beautiful Parlors



Where Many
Happy Hours
Are Spent

World-Wide Group Receive Honorary Degrees at 88th Commencement

Alumni Day Commencement Activities

The largest group of alumni present in several years, met together at Taylor University for the annual alumni activities of the commencement season.

At the business session held in the afternoon, the Rev. Phillip Brooks Smith, a graduate in the class of 1917, and one of the active pastors of the North Indiana Conference, was elected President of the Alumni Association.

The Alumni Association is planning an aggressive program to be carried on throughout the year in getting a large number of the alumni and former student group to return for the 1935 commencement. The class of 1927 met together before leaving the campus, and started the movement to call together all the alumni from all over the United States to meet for at least five days at the next commencement for a reunion of all the classes, and making plans for a greater future for Taylor University. The commencement activities this year were such an inspiration, and they had such a glorious time together that they desired to have even a larger group present next year. Work is beginning now on such a program. Outstanding alumni in their fields of activity will be invited to speak at different occasions of the 1935 commencement.

Several of the alumni group who were present for the first time in a number of years were with us for the commencement season this year. Among this group were Dr. and Mrs. Robert E. Brown of Wuhu, China. Dr. Brown in the two messages he gave presented a very interesting survey of his work in the Wuhu General Hospital. His work in public health, sanitation and hygiene has been outstanding, and has been recognized by the government of China at several different times. Dr. and Mrs. Brown hope to return to their work in China this fall.

Rev. and Mrs. Bert Oppen, graduates of Taylor and later serving many years as missionaries to Ceylon, have been on furlough for about two years. Brother Oppen gave a most thrilling story of his experience with a murderer, and his miraculous deliverance through answered prayer.

Another of the Taylor University

Wuhu China Missionaries Assist in Camp



Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Brown, for 16 years medical missionaries to Wuhu, China, assisted in programs for the Young Peoples Institute of the Methodist Episcopal church in Illinois conference, at East Bay camp, Lake Bloomington. In this picture Mrs. Brown is wearing the latest 1934 model for Chinese college women, wives of merchants and physicians and others not in the peasant class. Dr. and Mrs. Brown will return to China in September. Pantagraph Photo.

missionary group present for commencement was the Rev. Vere Abbey, of Bangalore, India. His work has been with the young people of India, he acting as the General Secretary of the Young People's Union of India. Rev. Abbey brought the report of the young people's work in India, and told of the progress which the work has made in recent years.

Another returned missionary, who has been teaching in this country for a number of years, after a period of service as a missionary to China, brought the greetings of her class. Miss Floy Hurlburt reported that of the four graduates of her class, three of them went into missionary service. What a remarkable record that is.

From the class that graduated this year and went out from Taylor there are several who are definitely called into missionary service, and hope to go to the mission field.

At the Commencement exercises on June 5, Taylor University conferred honorary degrees upon three outstanding people in their fields.

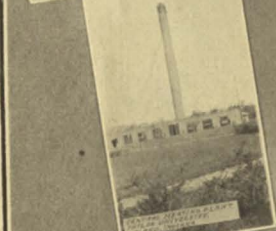
Dr. Robert E. Brown

When it was found that Dr. Robert E. Brown would be at Commencement, there was a spontaneous request from the Board of Directors of The William Taylor Foundation and the Alumni Association that Taylor University should honor him.

Dr. Brown was a student at Taylor University for three years, and then attended the University of Illinois where he received his A.B. degree in 1910. He returned to Taylor and taught in the Science Department until 1914. He then entered the University of Michigan as a Graduate Fellow, and continued his work there until 1917. He received the degree of Master of Science in Public Health from that institution in 1917, and the following year received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. In 1919 he and Mrs. Brown went to China, where he was active on the staff of The Wuhu General Hospital. In 1924 he was made Superintendent of The Wuhu General Hospital, and has continued in that office to the present time.

In 1921 Dr. Brown was decorated by the Chinese Government for services rendered in Famine Relief. He was appointed by the Chinese Government to be the Provincial Medical Advisor to Anhui Provincial Government in 1929. The following year he was made an honorary Life Member of the Chinese Red Cross. In the devastating flood of 1931, Dr. Brown rendered an outstanding piece of service to the government. He was appointed in charge of Sanitation and Hygiene for the Wuhu area. In this work he was assisted by the Lindberghs who offered their services to the Chinese government to aid in relief measures. Dr. Brown's picture was taken with the Lindberghs, and appeared in the papers in this country and others. Upon the Lindberghs' return to this country Mrs. Lindbergh spoke over the radio on behalf of Dr. Brown and his wonderful work there in China.

Taylor University is proud of such an alumnus who is making such an investment of his life.



Life of Pres. Vayhinger - Taylor University -

1st of State W.C.T.U. III.

IF MESSAGE

TAYLOR UNIVERSITY BULLETIN

Entered as second class matter at Upland, Ind., April 8, 1900, under Act of Congress, July 16, 1894.

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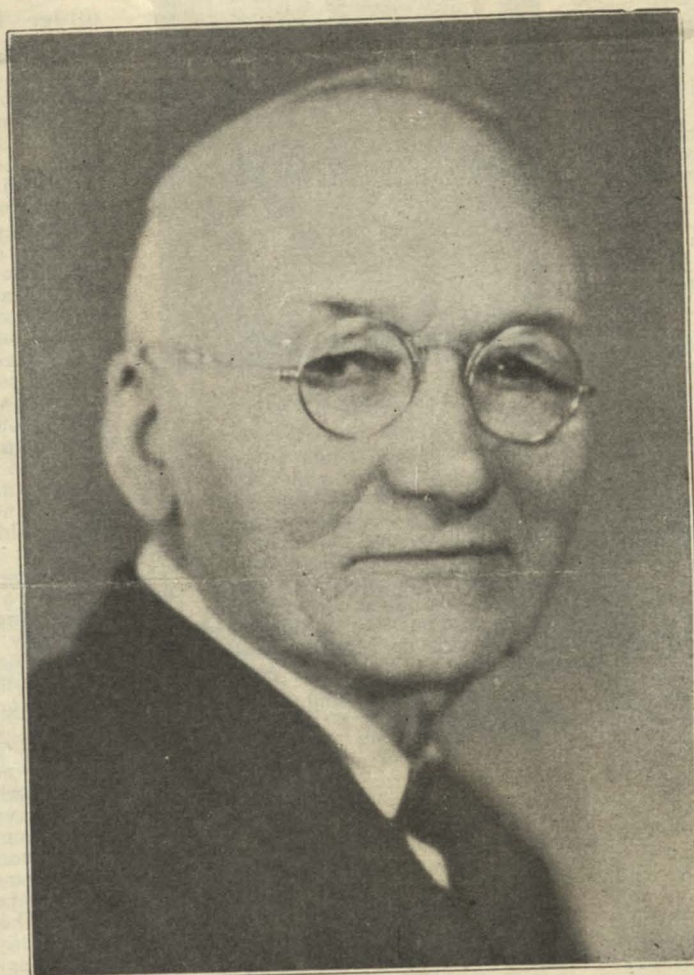
Dr. Vayhinger Goes to Heaven

Excerpts from Pres. Stuart's Message

(President Stuart's text for the funeral message was "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day;" II Timothy 1:12.) The text is taken from Paul's last letter to a youth. It is a very appropriate text for Dr. Vayhinger because he was vitally interested in youth to the very last. This was the reason he was always so enthusiastic about Taylor, because of the glorious youth he found here on the campus. Taylor was a part of his very life. It could be said of him as it was of a soldier of the Civil War who told his friends if they would look into his heart after he was gone they would find the stars and stripes there; I think it would not be difficult this morning to see the Taylor University colors, purple and gold, in the heart of Dr. Vayhinger.

This text states very plainly that Paul has a personal faith, a personal experience, a personal commitment of his life to all the will of God. There was no uncertainty anywhere in his relationship to Christ; neither was there with Dr. Vayhinger. Dr. Vayhinger knew Christ personally in the forgiveness of his sins. He knew him also in that blessed second work in which he received the baptism of God's Holy Spirit.

He did not live for himself, but for others. He came to me one day



DR. MONROE VAYHINGER

Eighty-three Glorious Years

BORN MAY 28, 1855 AND PASSED AWAY OCTOBER 31, 1938.

A.B. Moores Hill College; A.M. 1886; B.D. from Garrett Biblical Institute 1903; D.D. Taylor University and Moores Hill 1908; L.L.D. Taylor University 1937.

Taught at Moores Hill College seventeen years, ten of which he was Vice President.

President of Taylor University thirteen years — 1908-1921. The rest of his life a successful pastor and evangelist.

and said, "This is the greatest Commencement Taylor has ever had." I answered back, "That is saying quite a good deal for you had thirteen." He said, "No, I had fourteen for I came in during the year, but this is the greatest Commencement I have seen on Taylor's campus."

There isn't any question but that Dr. Vayhinger lived and practiced radiant holiness throughout his life. How he inspired and encouraged those with whom he came in contact. I doubt exceedingly whether I could have carried on had it not been for the prayers and counsel of Dr. Ayres and this dear man, for when we submitted our plans or problems to them and they counselled it was all right to go ahead, we felt somehow God's blessing would be upon us.

I am glad Taylor unveiled a lifesize picture of him on his 80th birthday. The next year, when he was 81, he was ill and unable to be at Chapel so we took the Chapel services to the parlors of the Magee-Wisconsin Dormitory and when the service was over we asked if he had any personal word and he said, "Tell the students to pray through and then when they are dealing with others to see that they pray through." The year of his 82nd birthday the institution conferred upon him the honorary degree of L.L.D.

It was a glorious homegoing when he left his daughter's home
(Continued on page 4)

War

phasized this was that far from another battle were fast moving, attended perhaps by a ted how many men had le hands went up. He their Testaments, that ighty per cent. of that stament. I have fre- ets of soldier boys who ents, and many a time s for Testaments that seemed to feel that they hout the Word of God.

Well, let me speak as e Gospel twenty-five army in France; as one ful actualities and who ed and wrought under bit of real experience go through and have

at a live, vital Gospel. n the New Testament. precious time on such uction," "expansion."

The press, the maga- lecture hall, etc., can tions than the average eply of Henry Ward , when he was asked if e time to lecturing on igions. "What's the two nozzles to your er enough for one?" and the pulpit that ame old Gospel that Simpson and Moody the soldier boys will t meet the new condi- rld War. Remember, Moody's mighty work o the old, old Gospel at the man to whom ohn H. Jowett, whose t of the New Testa-

op all denominational e cleaned out; let done away with, and he main proposition: of the Kingdom of own to that business r questions, all other

I sacredly the things t war conditions and eria of liberality by ight be exchanged, for ng brassy, and the gram entirely human.

duce a short memory ts. Peace must needs rch must apply her- ness. The old Deca- ne past year or more.

ld talk about a new es and battlefields. ing, and have been ve been through the new Gospel in the of France. Oh, no! demons. We have ess there, and have onies to God. We e trenches and dug- failed to find any el of our childhood, pel of our manhood d Gospel of the New pered that the boys, and battlefields on

then way home, will carry with them the same New Testament that they bore upon the battle-front, because they have failed to find anything any better.

Let no one be deceived by a spurious cry of a new Gospel. And now that the war is over, just let the churches do what old Peter Cartwright, of early Methodist history, said when dying: "Give the old Gospel a chance."

as follows: 10 A. M., preaching; 2 P. M., Bible school; 7 P. M., evangelistic service. On both Sunday nights I preached an old-fashioned Gospel message to an audience of men that crowded the hut full. On the first Sunday night, fourteen men decided for Christ, the next Sunday, twenty, and on the following Sunday night, in a communion service held in another town,

That alone can make men better, that alone can make men free— Just the precious, dear old story, of God's love for you and me; That is what the people's wanting, there is where the crowd will be; Where they hear the same old story, which they heard at mother's knee.

LUETTA CUMMINS

TRIBUTES TO DR. VAYHINGER

Roy Knight Speaks for The Alumni Who Graduated Under Dr. Vayhinger

I count it an honor and privilege to be able to represent that day when Dr. Vayhinger was the President of Taylor University.

I think back to those days remembering something of the burden that Dr. Vayhinger had to carry, for Taylor University in those days was without adequate equipment — just a little strip of buildings along the sidewalk here. In the minds of many of you today will rise up the picture of the campus at it was then. He was without adequate financial resources to carry on the work of the school. Furthermore, he carried the burden of that pretty much himself. What financial resources he had saved up before coming here, he put into maintaining Taylor University. I can recall very clearly in my mind that often in those days when financial stress would be on the school Dr. Vayhinger would come before us and ask for a day of prayer, and the whole student body would take a day off and spend the day in prayer that God would somehow help us meet the financial stringencies of the time. And many and many a day I have seen the emergency met in this way.

I sometimes wonder how we had the temerity to consider it a college in those days, with the equipment we had; and yet the essentials of the college were here. There were earnest students and a group of devoted teachers, and in my thinking those are the essentials of a college. What the college lacked in equipment in those days had to be supplied by the personality of the staff, and Dr. Vayhinger gave of himself wholeheartedly to the last full measure of his devotion. He gave all that he had. And because of that he was greatly beloved of the student body. I think that the feeling that I had in my own heart, and have had all through these years since, was the feeling that was pretty well representative of the students of those days — a feeling of love. But he was more of a father to us than an administrator over us. There never was a time, he never was too busy but that we could go to him with our personal problems and talk with him. And we did it. So he was greatly beloved.

I wish I might touch a few things that would appeal to the students. He was a man of great loyalty — loyalty to Taylor University, during his days of administration here and of the years that have followed since. He loved Taylor University and his life was centered here. It seems even after he ceased to be the President that his loves and loyalties centered about this institution. No doubt Dr. Stuart will tell you of the interest he has shown in the years since he ceased to be the President. He was loyal not only to Taylor University; he was loyal



Rev. Roy Knight

to his convictions and to the gospel of Jesus Christ. No one will ever be able to say that Dr. Monroe Vayhinger did not preach the things that he believed, and no one can ever say that he was not true to the gospel of Jesus Christ as he conceived it. I think I can honestly and sincerely and truly say that he was positive in his convictions, and yet was not dogmatic about his preaching.

And he was a man of humility, seeking always the welfare of others; seeking the welfare of the institution; seeking the welfare of the Kingdom of God; seeking to help young people everywhere, but never seeking things for himself. I can't recall, with all that I can find in my memory, I can't recall an instance when he sought anything for himself. A man of humility. A man who was a great lover of youth, and the youth loved him, for love begets love in just such a way.

And there is one other thing I want to speak of this morning, for I have only a few minutes to say what I want to say. There was a sort of illusive quality about the man which I have not named, and which I cannot name, yet it drew others to him. It was a spiritual quality. The only way I can define it or can name it at all, the only explanation I have of it — and I have searched my heart and my thought and have tried to name it — is to call it that quality about him which was his undying love for his Lord. If there was any quality about him that was dominant above others, it was that. The spiritual quality, something that is hard to name, something hard to put your finger on — the love of his Lord.

Our hearts are blessed that we have known and loved a character like Dr. Monroe Vayhinger. We are praying that his mantle may fall on us, as we minister to the lives of others.

Dr. B. W. Ayres Pays Beautiful Tribute to Dr. Vayhinger

At the funeral services Dr. Ayres represented the staff and Board who worked with and under Dr. Vayhinger.

Coming in here in the fall of 1910 I spent those years in very close association with Dr. Vayhinger in the work of this institution up to the time he resigned from the presidency and, of course, being the second man in responsibility in the staff we were thrown together very much wrestling the hard problems of finance and administration. The members of the old board know how many times we had to go to prayer. We were driven to our knees because of the needs of the institution. Dr. Vayhinger carried a heavy load and toward the end of his term of service I think some of us felt that his very life depended upon his getting out from under the load that was upon him. It is no easy task, people, to carry the responsibility of a college and the president needs much prayer and much support to carry a load of this kind.

I must not go into details, but he was a great, great devoted unselfish soul. As a president one could expect his backing and support. The deanship, especially when it carried as it did in those days not only the educational responsibilities in courses of study and so on, but carried in a large measure the disciplinary problems and all of that, a person bearing those responsibilities needed the kind of support that Dr. Vayhinger was able to give and did give. So I feel that it has been a great privilege to me and has meant much in my life to have been associated with him in that official capacity where men's souls are tried if they are tried at all in regard to their loyalty and their faithfulness as friends, and I have found him a large minded, magnanimous Christian educator — a good man.

MEMORIAL

Of course, Dr. Vayhinger has left a tremendous memorial in the lives he has touched. These people are doing great things in Kingdom Building. His grandson, John Vayhinger, who spoke at the Chapel the next morning after the funeral, and gave such a wonderful tribute, said he wished he were able to put up some kind of a fine building here in memory of his grandfather.

It would seem, as much as he meant to Taylor University, the way he loved it to the last and the way the students loved him that there should be some kind of a fitting memorial planned and erected. Let every one of his former students and admirers give thought and prayer to this and then write your personal thought to the President of Taylor University.

"He Being Dead Yet Speaketh"



Since the death of Dr. Monroe Vayhinger, many have been wanting to know a little more about his actual life. Here are a few of the outstanding facts concerning him:

Born May 28, 1855, Ripley County, Indiana, son of Gustavus and Margerethe Vayhinger, natives of Wurttemberg, Germany.

Attended the Rounds school and the high school at Delaware, Indiana.

At the age of 16 he was elected to teach the Rounds school. He also taught the Mud Pike school one term and the primary department of Delaware school.

Following this he entered Moores Hill college. During his sophomore and junior years he was instructor in German at the college.

During his senior year he was principal of the Batesville public school, keeping up his class work in college and graduating with his class in 1883.

The day following his graduation he was elected professor of mathematics in his Alma Mater, which position he held for seven years.

In 1890 he entered Garrett Biblical Institute, teaching mathematics half time in Northwestern University.

After three years at Evanston, he was appointed to the Mapleton church (now North M. E. Church, Indianapolis).

After one year at Mapleton he was called back to Moores Hill College as Professor of Philosophy and English Bible. This position he held ten years, serving as vice-president the last eight years of the term.

In 1908 he was called to the presidency of Taylor University.

He held this position until June 1921, when he resigned to enter the evangelistic work which was cut short in September, 1935, by a serious illness.

Received A. B. degree, Moores Hill College, 1883; M. A. degree, 1886; B. D. degree Garrett Biblical Institute, 1893; D. D. degree Taylor University and Moores Hill College, 1908; LL. D. degree, Taylor University, 1937.

Died October 31, 1938.

TAYLOR UNIVERSITY BULLETIN

Entered as second class matter at Upland, Ind., April 8, 1900, under Act of Congress, July 16, 1894. Vol. XXX, No. 8. Issued monthly.

President Stuart is still receiving letters concerning the death of President-emeritus Monroe Vayhinger. Have you given thought to a fitting memorial to this man of God? If not, pray about it; send your suggestions to Dr. Stuart soon.

Dr. L. G. Jacobs, Superintendent of the Muncie District of the Methodist Church, and President of the Taylor University Board of Trustees, sends the following word concerning a fitting memorial for Dr. Vayhinger:

"... As to the Vayhinger Memorial, my suggestion would be a Library-Chapel, a fine building with a half basement to be used for the library and a beautiful Gothic chapel on the first floor, situated south and a little west of the Administration building, facing the space between the Ad building and the music hall. We should have a more churchly chapel."

Another person, this one a student under Dr. Vayhinger at Moores Hill College way back in 1902-1904, writes:

"The object of this letter is just to tell you in a few words how I loved Dr. Vayhinger. It was my opportunity to know Dr. Vayhinger but a short time, but in those few short months he exerted a wonderful influence over me for good and I learned to love him more than any other man I ever knew.

The first Bible lesson I had at the Moores Hill College was the eighth chapter of Romans, and as Dr. Vayhinger read a verse or two at a time and commented on it I thought I had never heard the scripture read so forcefully and with such meaning before in my life.

We lived next door to Dr. Vayhinger and our studies were not twenty feet apart. I always arose at 4:00 A. M. to study in the still of the morning. But I never remember being up before Dr. Vayhinger; his blind would always be pulled and his light on. A part of this early morning hour he always spent in devotions.

"... I came back to Indiana and heard Dr. Vayhinger was in town so I hunted him up and found him still in teaching Bible to a class out on East Washington St. We had a nice visit. He introduced me to his friends as 'one of my boys.'"

Faculty Member Reviews Life of Dr. Vayhinger

Thirty years ago last March, Dr. Monroe Vayhinger came to be the head of Taylor University. The school, in the previous summer, had gone through a period of misunderstanding, and consequently had a very small registration that year. His optimistic attitude and faith in God soon brought courage and a spirit of self helpfulness to all. Student registrations began to grow in numbers, and for thirteen years there was a steady increase, both in attendance and in scholastic attainments for the school.

Dr. Vayhinger was especially interested in missionary work, and during his administration, approximately one hundred missionaries from Taylor sailed for foreign fields. The number who went into Christian work in this country cannot be estimated, while those who received inspiration for better and holier living from his ministry would be innumerable.

After his resignation in 1923, he continued to reside at Taylor, living in his own home until the death of his beloved wife. He then was given a room in Magee Hall for life. He went into evangelistic work and was most successful in this field, winning hundreds of souls to a life of service for God, and bringing believers into the richer experience of sanctification.

During the earlier years of this ministry, his home comings to Taylor were seasons of great helpfulness. He was seldom absent from any religious service of the school or the M. E. church in town. During his more declining years, he was obliged to rest more, but his comings were always hailed with delight by both students and faculty, and many opportunities of service were grasped by him in the more quiet ways.

His earthly sun has sunk with a brilliant glow beyond the horizon of Time; but we know that it is still shining in the beautiful country, Just Beyond, where a grand coronation awaited him.

— Sadie Louise Miller

ALUMNI AND FRIENDS SEND SUGGESTIONS FOR DR. VAYHINGER MEMORIAL

Letters are coming in from alumni and students who attended Taylor University during the period of the Presidency of Dr. Monroe Vayhinger. Everyone, everywhere, believes that a fitting Vayhinger memorial of some kind most definitely should be planned and erected. Suggestions are being received from many sources. If you have not already done so, think and pray about this and write your personal thought to President Stuart. If you have a suggestion for a fitting memorial to this wonderful man whose life and influence has touched countless students and friends, send in your suggestion immediately.

Rev. Homer Chalfant, '14, a graduate during Dr. Vayhinger's presidency, wrote as follows:

In consideration of the fact that Dr. Vayhinger was a preacher and evangelist, that the atmosphere is conducive at Taylor for putting out the type of preachers especially wanted and needed today, that Taylor has many capable men in the pulpit, it seems to me that Taylor would do well to establish a foundation to provide lectureships inviting mostly alumni, (about three high-class productions annually), and to be known as the Vayhinger Lectureship or Foundation.

Rev. Alfred Patton, class of 1911, sent the following word:

From various sources we learned of the going of that great and good man, Dr. Vayhinger. Certainly he was a good man and one who had the interest of T. U. on his heart. His influence will continue, and the good works he did will abide. I agree with his grandson that something in the nature of a useful memorial should be placed on the campus of the school he loved so much. You are acquainted with the needs of the school and know which of them would be most urgent. I do not think it would be out of place for you to make a suggestion to the alumni who were graduated during the presidency of Dr. Vayhinger, as to the kind of memorial which they ought to sponsor. Friends of Dr. Vayhinger and of the school will be glad to assist in the project. While I am not in a position to do any great outstanding work or give a worth while gift, I will do what I can.

Christmas Gift Received

Mrs. Ella M. Quein, who came to the rescue of Taylor University during Dr. Vayhinger's administration and put a good many thousands of dollars in the institution in the past, wrote us during the holidays and sent a love gift that helps tremendously toward the cost of the heating plant.

In her letter she writes:

"I see by the last Bulletin the account of the death of Dr. Monroe Vayhinger. He was a grand good man. He was here once; I liked him so much.

"I also see an account of the debt you have there on your heating plant and other expenses costing \$15,000. I want to help some with that. I just received a check for \$300.00 and am enclosing it to help pay the debt."

The fellows in our quartet (wee, Marquis, French) had the privilege of a little closer fellowship, I believe, because we traveled with him in camp meeting work. How vivid is the meeting at Kampsville, Illinois. His life on the campus affords many precious memories. Two winters I fixed his furnace, and when going down early before daylight, I could generally see the light under the shade up in his room.

Pres. Stuart's Message

(Continued from page 1)

the other night for Heaven, but what a day it will be yonder when all the former students that have been touched by his godly life at Moores Hill and Taylor University and by his ministry, with the souls they have won, surround him in the Eternal City. Two of his missionaries who have gone out from Taylor, Dr. John Wengatz and Dr. Frank Cottingham, have led over 60,000 souls to Christ. Dr. Vayhinger would be saying this morning to all of this throng of friends, former and present students of Taylor University that are here paying loving tribute to him, "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

The cry today from the depths of my heart is that the mantle of Dr. Vayhinger may fall upon me and my co-workers.

Mrs. Lois Browning Writes--

Following is an excerpt from a letter to President Stuart from Dr. Vayhinger's only daughter, Lois Vayhinger Browning:

I found it a very trying ordeal to go through his personal things for they seemed more than anything else to bring me to a realization that daddy has left me. I am trying to dispose of them as best I can, and as nearly to his liking as possible. One lady wrote and asked me for his Bible but I cannot part with it. He has two that he has used and marked, but one of them I am giving to John for I feel it will help him a great deal. I'm so in hopes John carries on from where daddy left off.

I DID NOT WEEP.

I did not weep to see him dead
Because upon his face
I saw a smile of glory spread,
A touch of Heavenly grace.

And though my form he could not see,
I fancied that he knew
That I was there, and spoke to me
The way he used to do.

I fancied that I heard him say
Who battled long with pain:
"A miracle occurred today,
And I am well again!"

"I did not cough last night, and
wake
From fever's restless sleep
To wait to see the morning break
And hear the wagons creep.

"And I am well and I am strong,
And glad am I today.
The burden I have borne so long
Has now been put away."

And, standing in that darkened place
The smile of long ago
Which God had left upon his face
Told me 'twas better so.
(Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest.)

filled with hearts that were seeking either to be converted, reclaimed, or baptized with the Holy Spirit. God answered prayer with glorious results.

Both leaders inspired staff and students and the meetings were well attended. One morning at the close of a very striking message by Dr. P. B. Smith on the type of gospel that must be preached and the heroic sacrifices that must be made by the ministers, there were eighty-five young men who came to the altar consecrating their hearts and lives to God to carry forward this kind of program.

Second Semester Opens February 1. Many Young People Plan to Enroll at that Time

Alumni Day Commemoration

The largest gathering present in several years at Taylor University annual alumni and commencement season.

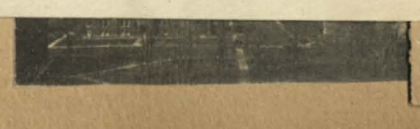
At the business session after the afternoon, the Rev. Smith, a graduate of 1917, and one of the North Indiana was elected President of the Association.

The Alumni Association carrying an aggressive program through getting a large number of alumni and former students to turn for the 1924. The class of 1924 before leaving the campus the movement to call alumni from all States to meet for at the next communion of all the plans for a great Taylor University. activities this year spiration, and the ous time together to have even a l next year. Wor on such a prog alumni in their f be invited to sp casions of the I

Several of the were present for number of years commencement Among this group Robert E. Brown Dr. Brown in gave presented survey of his w eral Hospital. health, sanitati been outstanding ognized by the at several diffe Mrs. Brown he work in China

Rev. and M uates of Tayl many years as have been on f years. Brothe thrilling story a murderer, at liverance thro Another of

into missionary service, and hope to go to the mission field.



William Taylor Foundation will be held on Friday, February 24
The Annual Meeting of the
FOUNDATION MEETING

ALUMNI AND DR.

Letters are coming in from alumni and students who attended Taylor University during the period of the Presidency of Dr. Monroe Vayhinger. Everyone, everywhere, believes that a fitting Vayhinger memorial of some kind most definitely should be planned and erected. Suggestions are being received from many sources. If you have not already done so, think and pray about this and write your personal thought to President Stuart. If you have a suggestion for a fitting memorial to this wonderful man whose life and influence has touched countless students and friends, send in your suggestion immediately.

Rev. Homer Chalfant, '14, a graduate during Dr. Vayhinger's presidency, wrote as follows:

In consideration of the fact that Dr. Vayhinger was a preacher and evangelist, that the atmosphere is conducive at Taylor for putting out the type of preachers especially wanted and needed today, that Taylor has many capable men in the pulpit, it seems to me that Taylor would do well to establish a foundation to provide lectureships inviting mostly alumni, (about three high-class productions annually), and to be known as the Vayhinger Lectureship or Foundation.

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From various sources we learned of the going of that great and good man, Dr. Vayhinger. Certainly he was a good man and one who had the interest of T. U. on his heart. His influence will continue, and the good works he did will abide. I agree with his grandson that something in the nature of a useful memorial should be placed on the campus of the school he loved so much. You are acquainted with the needs of the school and know which of them would be most urgent. I do not think it would be out of place for you to make a suggestion to the alumni who were graduated during the presidency of Dr. Vayhinger, as to the kind of memorial which they ought to sponsor. Friends of Dr. Vayhinger and of the school will be glad to assist in the project. While I am not in a position to do any great outstanding work or give a worth while gift, I will do what I can.

dividends in Kingdom Building invested here will bear eternal dollars out of your little account school in a wonderful way. Your at once. God is blessing the about it and send your love gift friend to Dr. Vayhinger, Rev. L. Brasher, suggests...

"... the endowment of a chair on Bible Holiness to perpetuate among all students the great truth for which he gave his full service."

From Rev. H. Kenrick

Recently President Stuart received a beautiful tribute to Dr. Vayhinger from Rev. Harold Kenrick of Silver Springs, New York, a graduate during Dr. Vayhinger's presidency. Part of his letter reads as follows:

We were not surprised to learn of dear Dr. Vayhinger's ascension, because he had been long on the last mile of the way. Your address was very beautiful and we join you in such tributes.

The fellows in our quartet (Weed, Marquis, French) had the privilege of a little closer fellowship, I believe, because we traveled with him in camp meeting work. How vivid is the meeting at Kampsville, Illinois. His life on the campus affords many precious memories. Two winters I fixed his furnace, and when going down early before daylight, I could generally see the light under the shade up in his room.

Pres. Stuart's Message

(Continued from page 1)

the other night for Heaven, but what a day it will be yonder when all the former students that have been touched by his godly life at Moores Hill and Taylor University and by his ministry, with the souls they have won, surround him in the Eternal City. Two of his missionaries who have gone out from Taylor, Dr. John Wengatz and Dr. Frank Cottingham, have led over 60,000 souls to Christ. Dr. Vayhinger would be saying this morning to all of this throng of friends, former and present students of Taylor University that are here paying loving tribute to him, "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

The cry today from the depths of my heart is that the mantle of Dr. Vayhinger may fall upon me and my co-workers.

GGESTIONS FOR ORIAL

Mrs. Lois Browning Writes--

Following is an excerpt from a letter to President Stuart from Dr. Vayhinger's only daughter, Lois Vayhinger Browning:

I found it a very trying ordeal to go through his personal things for they seemed more than anything else to bring me to a realization that daddy has left me. I am trying to dispose of them as best I can, and as nearly to his liking as possible. One lady wrote and asked me for his Bible but I cannot part with it. He has two that he has used and marked, but one of them I am giving to John for I feel it will help him a great deal. I'm so in hopes John carries on from where daddy left off.

I DID NOT WEEP.

I did not weep to see him dead
Because upon his face
I saw a smile of glory spread,
A touch of Heavenly grace.

And though my form he could not see,
I fancied that he knew
That I was there, and spoke to me
The way he used to do.

I fancied that I heard him say
Who battled long with pain
"A miracle occurred today,
And I am well again!"

"I did not cough last night, and wake
From fever's restless sleep
To wait to see the morning break
And hear the wagons creep."

"And I am well and I am strong,
And glad am I today.
The burden I have borne so long
Has now been put away."

And, standing in that darkened place
The smile of long ago
Which God had left upon his face
Told me 'twas better so.

(Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest.)

filled with hearts that were seeking either to be converted, reclaimed, or baptized with the Holy Spirit. God answered prayer with glorious results.

Both leaders inspired staff and students and the meetings were well attended. One morning at the close of a very striking message by Dr. P. B. Smith on the type of gospel that must be preached and the heroic sacrifices that must be made by the ministers, there were eighty-five young men who came to the altar consecrating their hearts and lives to God to carry forward this kind of program.

Second Semester Opens February 1. Many Young People Plan to Enroll at that Time

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ish, and from Norwegian and Danish to English, Dr. Lindblom has written a number of books in these various languages, and contributes regularly to several periodicals. One of his Swedish books has proved to be especially popular. "Bible and Science," has been published in three editions of three thousand copies each.

Dr. Stuart and Dr. Lindblom



Christian Doctrine, 3 periods, weekly,
Homiletical Helps, 3 periods, weekly,
by Dr. James Charbonnier
Bible and Hymn Reading,
2 periods, weekly,
by Prof. Wilbur C. Dennis
Pauline Epistles, 3 periods, weekly,
by Prof. Ethel Lenore Foust
Christian Ethics, 2 periods, weekly,
by Dr. B. W. Ayres

The classes will be arranged to recite from Monday to Friday, and students will be permitted to register for all the subjects offered.

During the last week, a very special and attractive feature is being added, during which time Dr. Paul S. Rees will speak twice daily.

Opportunities Afforded

- (1) For ministers and Christian workers to secure much valuable and usable material in a very short time.
- (2) To pursue condensed courses, getting the very gist of subjects which usually require much longer periods.
- (3) To study with a theological faculty of five splendidly trained, experienced, and consecrated teachers.
- (4) For ministers and Christian

Pres. Stuart's Message

(Continued from page 1)

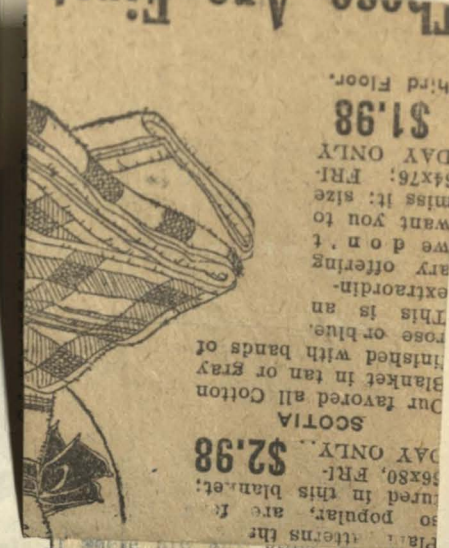
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SUGGESTIONS FOR

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Following is an excerpt from



which the readers desires to see the should add Taylor University School of Religion at once. Also, after having given prayerful consideration to this special opportunity for study, the prospective student should fill out the attached blank, and mail at once to the Dean Dr. J. A. Huffman, Taylor University School of Religion, Upland, Indiana.

Fall Revival

Dr. Harry Lindblom of the Swedish Free Evangelical Church of Chicago led the meetings the first week and Dr. P. B. Smith, Superintendent of the Richmond District of the Methodist Episcopal Church, led the second week.

Many times the altars were filled with hearts that were seeking either to be converted, reclaimed, or baptized with the Holy Spirit. God answered prayer with glorious results.

Both leaders inspired staff and students and the meetings were well attended. One morning at the close of a very striking message by Dr. P. B. Smith on the type of gospel that must be preached and the heroic sacrifices that must be made by the ministers, there were eighty-five young men who came to the altar consecrating their hearts and lives to God to carry forward this kind of program.

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The Church and the Soldier "after the War"

Dr. Ridout in South America.

During all of January Dr. Ridout was with the missionaries in North Peru—with Rev. J. M. Spencer's work. In February he goes to Bolivia to give six weeks and closing with the Annual Convention at La Paz with the Friends' Mission, Rev. C. G. Tamplin, Supt. Address till April, care Rev. C. G. Tamplin, Casilla 544, La Paz, Bolivia.

come marching home.

In my work among the soldiers at the front, I have never seen any need of poking religion into a corner or of being ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. I have found a ready disposition on the part of the soldier boys to respond to a vital and manly Gospel effort; but let it be remembered, we never paid any attention to denominational or sectarian lines. For instance: on the Sunday (July 14) of the Battle of the Marne, the battalion with which I was associated held a position on a high hill overlooking the river Marne, between St. Eugene and Crezaney. We all felt that something tremendous was pending, and that the Germans were liable to break in on us at any time with their offensive. Our commanding officer issued orders for religious service at 7 P. M. The service was attended by Protestants, Catholics and Jews. I used some of the Episcopal form for evening service, read the "Gloria" and a prayer for peace from a Catholic army ritual, and read my lesson and preached from the Old Testament. At its close a Catholic corporal came over to thank me for the service and told me how much he enjoyed it. That was the last religious service many of those boys attended—that night at midnight the Germans turned what seemed a thousand of their heavy guns on us in a bombardment that lasted for ten hours.

Down in the valley, the chaplain (a Presbyterian) held a service the same day in a big barn. He preached a Gospel message, and at its close invited all who would consecrate themselves to Christ to indicate it by a show of hands. A number of men took the step. During the bombardment, two of the boys were huddled together in a trench, and one of them said to his fellow, as the shrieking, deadly shells flew over their heads: "I am glad I consecrated myself to Christ in the meeting today." That night one of those boys was killed.

AFTER the Battle of the Marne, and when we had hiked to another point of attack, we were gathered around one of the kitchens, when conversation was started on religious matters. One man, a Hebrew, and a sergeant, said:

"Well, I know we have all prayed more to God in the last few weeks than we ever did in our lives before."

Another spoke up: "Yes, fellows have prayed who have never prayed before."

After our troops had been on two battlefronts and were sent back for a rest of three weeks, it was my lot to join with a good United Presbyterian of Pittsburg, Mr. J. R. Simpson, in working in a Y. M. C. A. hut in the "Joan of Arc" country. Our hut had formerly been a hospital, so it proved to be delightfully roomy and adapted to all kinds of activities. We both of us resolved to try out a religious program on the Sundays. We took good care that during the week the men should have abundance of recreation, entertainments, etc. Baseball was played every afternoon, and every night in the hut something was going on. We cut out Sunday baseball, and put up a strong religious program, as follows: 10 A. M., preaching; 2 P. M., Bible school; 7 P. M., evangelistic service. On both Sunday nights I preached an old-fashioned Gospel message to an audience of men that crowded the hut full. On the first Sunday night, fourteen men decided for Christ, the next Sunday, twenty, and on the following Sunday night, in a communion service held in another town,

HAVE been greatly interested in reading the discussion in the Christian Herald of the question of "The Church after the War." I think all that has been said by the various eminent writers has much merit in it, and is worthy of the most serious consideration.

I would like, however, to have the privilege of adding a word or two, as one who, over here in France, has been with the troops in training areas and on battlefronts, and who has had, therefore, an opportunity knowing, to some degree at least, the mind of the soldier, what he might expect of the Church when he gets home and what would be the best policy the Church to pursue in regard to the boys "when they



Chaplain George W. Ridout just as he came out of the Argonne battle

in an old French schoolhouse—which was packed with men—we administered baptism to twelve and communion to 100 men.

Now, let it be remembered, these men had been in battle; they had seen their comrades die and many many more wounded and maimed. They themselves had come through, and they were thankful, and their hearts were tender toward things divine, their souls cried out for God, and the good old Gospel seemed to satisfy their needs.

A Sermon to Preachers

I AM greatly disappointed with some preachers of today.

With their logic and their ethics; their aristocratic way; With their science and their theories and their new Theology. Full of everything but Jesus and his love for you and me.

There is plenty in the Bible for the preachers of today, If they will but search its pages and for help divine would pray;

For God's Word is everlasting and it never will grow old— 'Tis indeed a priceless treasure—far more precious 'e'n than gold.

What we want is consecration in a good true man of God, With a Bible education, and a love for God's dear Word; Who can lead us and direct us to the truth, the life, the way, Which brings peace to soul and body through the burdens of the day.

If the preachers in our churches would preach Jesus crucified, How through love for us He suffered, and through love for us, He died,

Then our pews would not be empty, as so many are today, But be filled to overflowing, in a pentecostal way.

What we need is just plain Gospel, in the good old-fashioned way, Place of Emerson or Shakespeare, or some topic of the day.

What care we for all their sayings, or their teachings true and tried? We want just the dear old story of the Saviour crucified,

That alone can make men better, that alone can make men free— Just the precious, dear old story, of God's love for you and me;

That is what the people's wanting, there is where the crowd will be; Where they hear the same old story, which they heard at mother's knee.

LUETTA CUMMINS

ANOTHER thing which emphasized this was that on a Sunday evening, not far from another battlefront toward which we were fast moving, an open-air service was held, attended perhaps by a thousand men. The leader asked how many men had Testaments. All over the circle hands went up. He then asked the men to hold up their Testaments, that he might see them. Perhaps eighty per cent. of that group of men had each a Testament. I have frequently taken out of the pockets of soldier boys who had got killed the little Testaments, and many a time we have had demands upon us for Testaments that we could not supply. The boys seemed to feel that they ought not to go into battle without the Word of God.

THE Church after the War? Well, let me speak as one who has preached the Gospel twenty-five years at home and a year in the army in France; as one who has seen war in all its frightful actualities and who for five months lived and suffered and wrought under shell-fire, and who knows by a bit of real experience what officers and men have to go through and have come out of.

First. Let the Church present a live, vital Gospel. I mean the kind that is found in the New Testament. Don't let the pulpit spend its precious time on such secondary matters as "reconstruction," "expansion," the "new social conditions," etc. The press, the magazine, the forum, the lyceum, the lecture hall, etc., can better handle a lot of those questions than the average preacher. That was a good reply of Henry Ward Beecher, while lecturing at Yale, when he was asked if the preacher should devote some time to lecturing on various subjects other than religions. "What's the use," said Beecher, "of having two nozzles to your hose, when you have only water enough for one?" Exactly! I believe the Church and the pulpit that "after the war" build on the same old Gospel that Spurgeon and Talmage and Simpson and Moody preached will be the one that the soldier boys will want to go to, and that will best meet the new conditions brought upon us by the World War. Remember, it was after the Civil War that Moody's mighty work took place, and no man clung to the old, old Gospel like Moody. Remember also that the man to whom England is listening to today is John H. Jowett, whose message is always and only that of the New Testament Gospel.

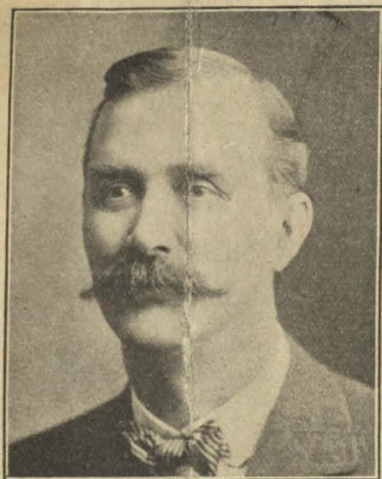
Second. Let the churches drop all denominational rivalry; let all petty bickerings be cleaned out; let even theological hair-splitting be done away with, and let the Church settle down to the main proposition: that of promoting the interests of the Kingdom of God. Let there be a settling down to that business chiefly—all other things, all other questions, all other activities being secondary.

Third. Let the Church guard sacredly the things handed down to her, and let not war conditions and their cessation bring on a hysteria of liberality by which the golden law of Moses might be exchanged, for expediency's sake, for something brassy, and the "old faith" substituted by a program entirely human.

WAR has a tendency to produce a short memory for the Ten Commandments. Peace must needs improve that memory. The Church must apply herself to this important bit of business. The old Decalogue has had some rough usage the past year or more. America must look out here!

Then there has been a lot of wild talk about a new Gospel coming from the trenches and battlefields. Well, I have been through the thing, and have been associated with thousands who have been through the thing, and we have found no new Gospel in the trenches or dugouts or battlefields of France. Oh, no! We have seen blood there and demons. We have wrestled with the powers of darkness there, and have seen suffering men cry in their agonies to God. We have met all kinds of things in the trenches and dugouts and battlefield, but have failed to find any Gospel there better than the Gospel of our childhood, the Gospel of our youth, the Gospel of our manhood and ministry, which is the good old Gospel of the New Testament. And let it be remembered that the boys, as they march out of the trenches and battlefields on their way home, will carry with them the same New Testament that they bore upon the battlefront, because they have failed to find anything any better.

Let no one be deceived by a spurious cry of a new Gospel. And now that the war is over, just let the churches do what old Peter Cartwright, of early Methodist history, said when dying: "Give the old Gospel a chance."



Friends Mourn The Passing of Prof. Ira Peavey

PROFESSOR PEAVEY WAS FORMER HEAD OF BIOLOGY DEPARTMENT

The alumni and friends of Taylor University will be saddened to learn of the passing away of Professor Ira B. Peavey at his home here, Saturday, December 29, at 4:30 P. M. Professor Peavey was a nationally known educator, and a nationally known instructor for more than fifty years.

Professor Peavey served as the head of the Biology Department of Taylor University from 1911 to 1920. Before taking up his duties in the local Biology Department he served as vice-president of the Pennsylvania Normal School at Edinboro for a number of years. In the year 1920 Professor Peavey responded to a call for his services at Barbourville, Kentucky where he headed the Educational department of Union College. A few years ago Professor Peavey returned from Union College to reside in Upland where he lived at the time of his death.

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(Continued on Page 3, Column 1)

Michigan Teachers Reports In

OVER FIFTY Y
RESPOND TO

The meetings held in Saginaw, Michigan, Barry Hu Cockingham, were spiritual victory and ration. Leaving Christmas, the throngled through the central Michigan, ceived a joyful parsonage home of Patlow, a family Christians who had that is full of joy.

On the second night the young people. Only once during the meetings was On the first Sunday Barry were invited League services in Avenue M E. Church the League to find Christ, and four of converted. Sixteen that first Sunday.

New Year's Eve service began at a program except the istic services, test. The time was too short thirty A. M. zealous not yet finished the

The last day was the feast, during which were held. In the couple came with was a wonderful young couple, dress garments, come to prayer. Eight or nine delegates to the Year the afternoon, when again. The final singing found thirty-five pardon or for the Holy Spirit. It was when the people hundred had been and seventy-five Him in pardon and

Most of the second people, but there and some of the old Baptists came with youth. Many of the the meetings. Some came from a distance. There were Germans, French and learned and college ing together, seeking Christ of all.

Second Class
Award

Prof. Peavey

(Continued from Page 1, Column 3)

side of the road" and was in the highest sense of the word "a friend to man".

Funeral services were conducted at the M. E. Church in Upland, Monday afternoon, with the Rev. J. W. Fox officiating, assisted by Dr. B. W. Ayres and Rev. J. Orr Powell. Burial was made in the Jefferson cemetery.

SONG BY MOTHER PEAVEY

I

"I'll never leave thee nor forsake."

Thy precious promises I'll take.

And now Dear Lord on Thee I rest,

I know you'll do for me what's best.

Chorus

For Jesus is the very same,

As when from Heaven to earth He came.

And now I rest on Thee my all,

And low at Jesus' feet I'll fall.

II

God's Word has always stood the test,

And all who've tried it there found rest.

There is no other place to rest,

As all who've tried it have confessed.

III

Dear sinner friend believe God's Word,

Your prayer for help is surely heard.

He'll wash your every sin away,

Oh come give him your heart today.

THE GODDESS AUTUMN

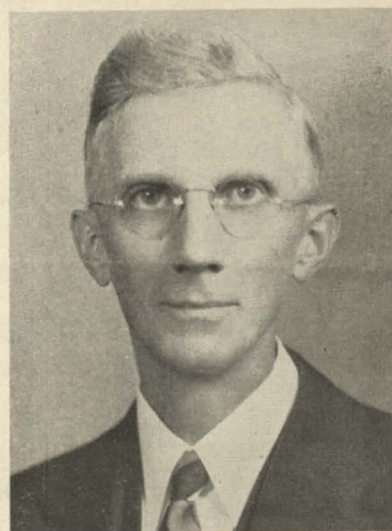
Day after day, I have sat entranced;
For the Goddess Autumn came to stay
For a few weeks' visit. With pallet and brush
She has painted a scene with shadings rare;
Over and over, with utmost care,
Deftly retouching her work each day.

She never seemed through with the barberry
Changing the depth of its rich red shade.
The spruce and the pines she passed right by
And left as a background of solid green,
To enhance the brilliant hues of the scene
And bring out the glory that she displayed.

The bright green leaves of the maples and oaks
She tinted with orange and brown and red
And yellowish green; but, I think when she saw
Again their outstretched arms, last night,
She must have taken her left-overs bright
And laughingly sprayed them all over their head.
And now, I fear, she is saying to all,
"Good-bye, I will come again next fall."

—Sadie Louise Miller

Former Student Is Missionary Secretary



Rev. A. C. Snead, Foreign Secretary of the Christian and Missionary Alliance and a former Taylor student, is one of the outstanding men in the promotion of foreign missions today. He holds a key position in the great missionary enterprise of the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

Alfred Cookman Snead was a student at Taylor University from 1898 through 1902, was a fine scholar and was active in many of the activities on the campus.

Rev. Snead volunteered for the mission field in 1905 and entered the Missionary Training Institute at Nyack, N. Y., for a year's training in 1906.

In 1907 he sailed for India as a missionary under the C. & M. A., but was forced to return home in 1909 because of severe illness. He resided in Upland for some time upon his return and in 1911 accepted a teaching position at the Wilson Memorial Academy. In 1913 Rev. Snead became pastor of the Alliance work in Indianapolis and remained there until 1918 when he was called to become a teacher in The Missionary Training Institute at Nyack. The following year he was chosen to be Assistant Foreign Secretary of the C. & M. A., which position he held until 1921 when he was elected by the Board of Managers as Foreign Secretary. He is still serving in that capacity and doing an outstanding piece of work.

Rev. Snead has compiled two Atlases of worldwide missionary work and published one book entitled "The Eternal Christ." During the past eighteen years he has represented the Alliance Board in five deputations abroad in which he has visited fourteen of the twenty Alliance fields in Africa, Asia and Latin America. The last journey, made in 1937, was unique in that the entire trip from the U. S. A. to five fields in South America, also to Puerto Rico and Jamaica, was made entirely by airplane.

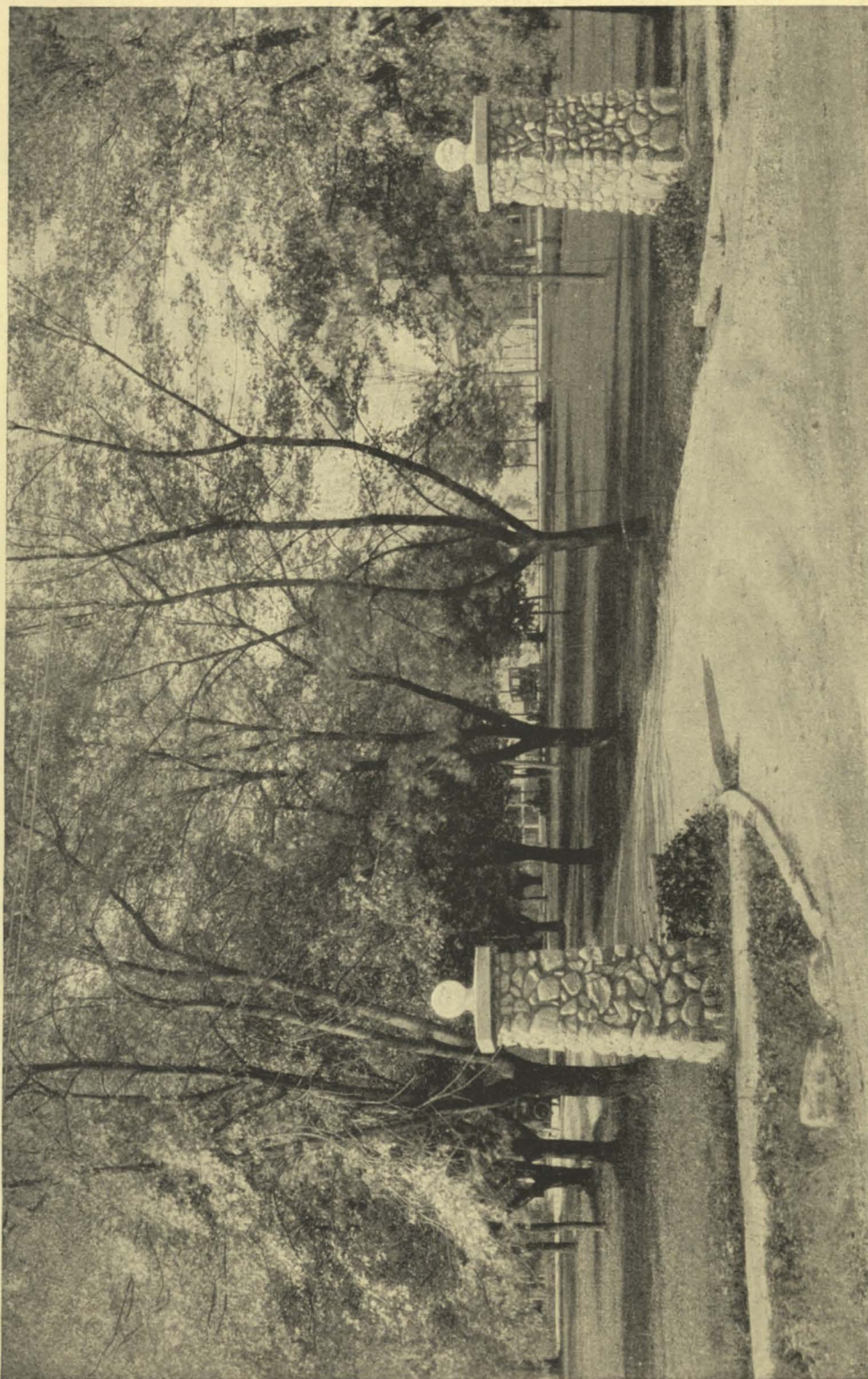
ROY W. KNIGHT, OF THE CLASS 1936 OF 1915, COMES TO TAYLOR

S U P P L E M E N T

Taylor University Bulletin

JUNE 1926

PICTURE SECTION



Approach to Administration Building

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Mr. and Mrs. Wells Broadcast Over Station WJR, Detroit

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wells
from Station WJR, Detroit,
March 22 for four consec-
days at 8:30 A.M. Central
time.

Mr. and Mrs. Wells will
assist John Owen, Evan-
gelist Grand Boulevard Meth-
odist Church from March
23. The following Sunday,
Professor and Mrs. Wells
will give a series of service
at Detroit Holiness Tabernacle
and Seth C. Rees, evangel-

increasing effort along this line.
The full time of one person is
required if this work is to be
supervised and executed properly.



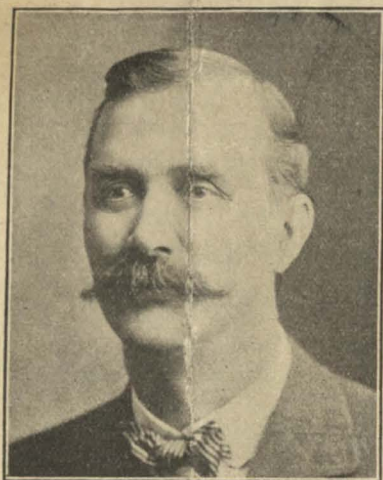
It warms the neighborhood. Taylor's central Heating Plant.



Prof. Peavey

(Continued from Page 1, Column 3)

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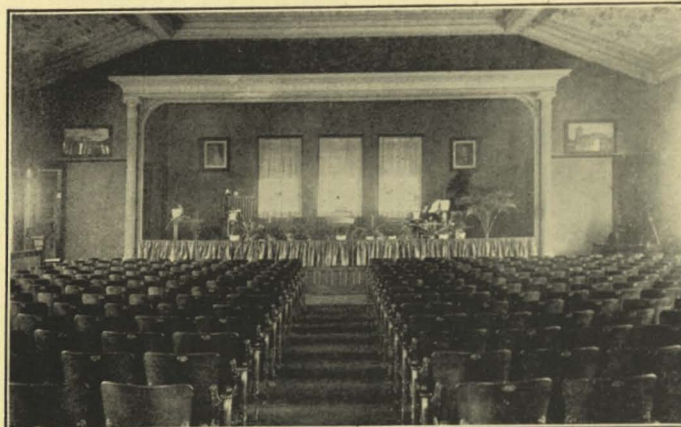
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Second Class
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Chapel



The Music Building



Swallow-Robin Hall for Men

—Sadie Louise Miller

ROY W. KNIGHT, OF THE CLASS 1936 OF 1915, COMES TO TAYLOR



Winter Scenes at Taylor

increasing effort along this line. The full time of one person is required if this work is to be supervised and executed properly.



It warms the neighborhood. Taylor's central Heating Plant.

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and Mrs. Wells Broadcast Over Station WJR, Detroit

Professor and Mrs. Kenneth Wells from Station WJR, Detroit, will broadcast for four consecutive days at 8:30 A. M. Central Time.

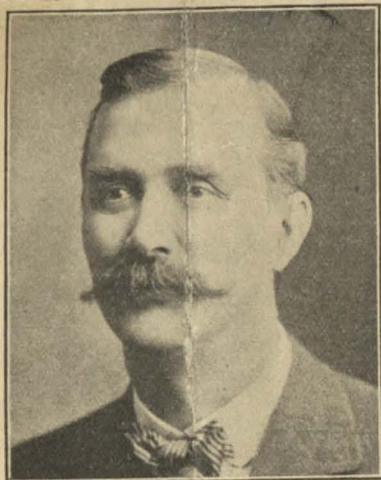
They will assist John Owen, Evanston, at the East Grand Boulevard Methodist Episcopal Church from March 3 to March 5. The following Sunday, March 6, Professor and Mrs. Wells will assist in a two weeks series of service at the Detroit Holiness Tabernacle. They will be assisted by Reverend Seth C. Rees, evangelist.



Prof. Peavey

(Continued from Page 1, Column 3)

Former Student Is
Missionary Secretary



Friends Mourn The Passing of Prof. Ira Peavey

PROFESSOR PEAVEY WAS FORMER HEAD OF BIOLOGY DEPARTMENT

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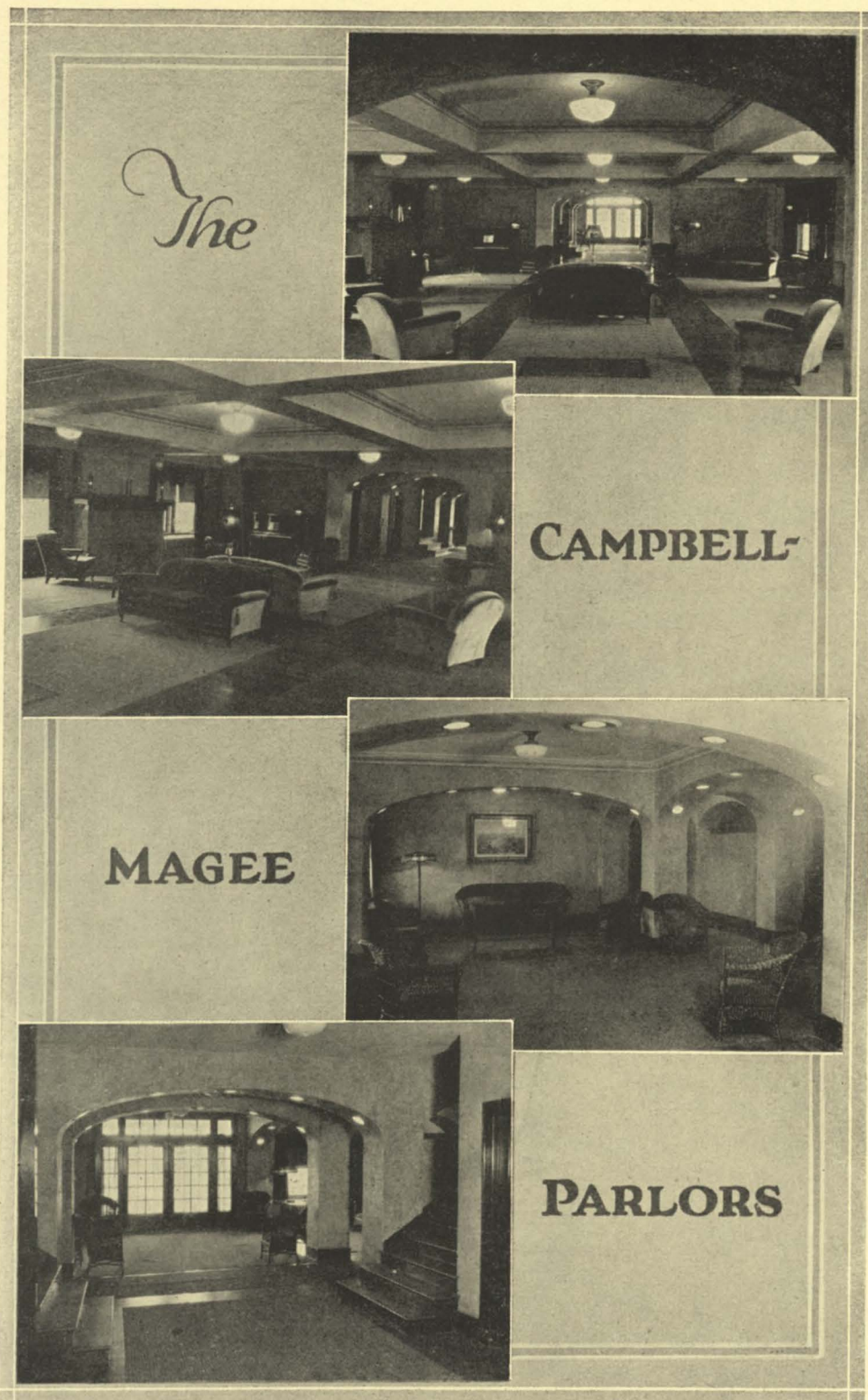
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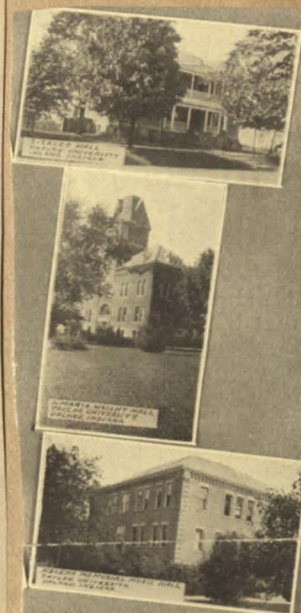
East Porches of Stanley Magee and Wisconsin Halls for Women

ROY W. KNIGHT, OF THE CLASS 1936 OF 1915, COMES TO TAYLOR



Parlors of Campbell-Magee Halls

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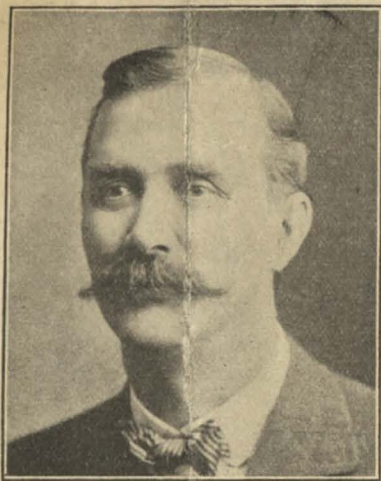
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Prof. Peavey

(Continued from Page 1, Column 3)
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Some of Taylor's Quartettes



Gospel Team Association

—Saurie Louise Miller

ROY W. KNIGHT, OF THE CLASS 1936 OF 1915, COMES TO TAYLOR



Night Scenes at Taylor

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and Mrs. Wells Broadcast Over Station WJR, Detroit

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It warms the neighborhood. Taylor's central Heating Plant.

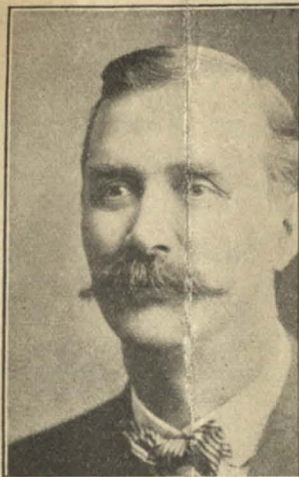


Prof. Peavey

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Friends Mourn The Passing of Prof. Ira B. Peavey

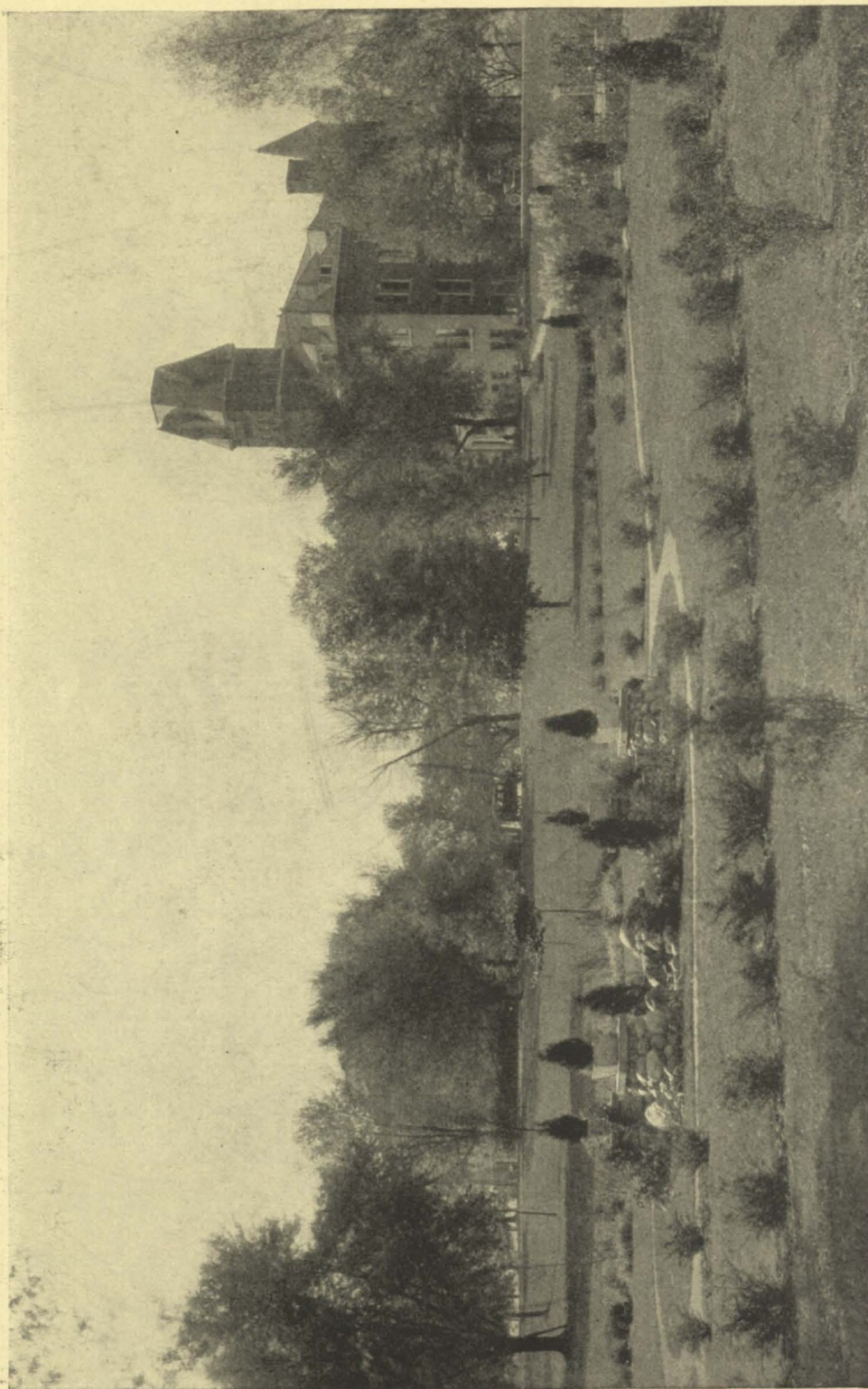
PROFESSOR PEAVEY WAS
FORMER HEAD OF BIOLOGY
DEPARTMENT

The alumni and friends of Taylor University will be saddened by the passing away of Ira B. Peavey at his home Saturday, December 29, at 10:30 a. m. Professor Peavey was a well-known educator, and a well-known instructor for more than 20 years.

Professor Peavey served as head of the Biology Department at Taylor University from 1920. Before taking up his position at Taylor, he served the local Biology Department at Pennsylvania Normal School at Edinboro for a number of years. In the year 1920 Professor Peavey responded to a call for his services at Barbourville, Kentucky where he headed the Educational Department of Union College. A few years later Professor Peavey returned to Taylor University to reside in the home where he lived at the time of his death.

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He truly "lived in a house by the side of the road" and was in the



Sunken Garden with Administration Building in Background

For information or catalogue address John Paul, President, Upland, Ind.

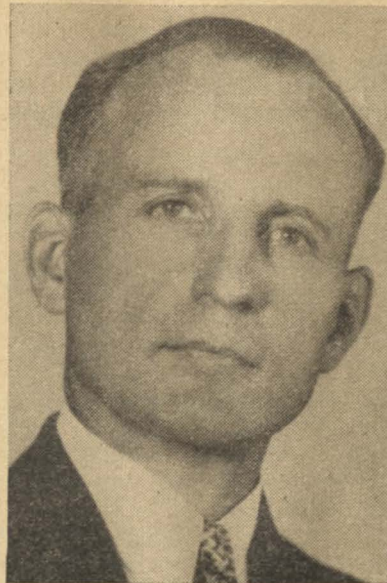
Award

ROY W. KNIGHT, OF THE CLASS 1936 OF 1915, COMES TO TAYLOR

Mr. Knight was elected President of the Alumni Association at their June meeting. He had such wonderful dreams for his Alma Mater, and such a splendid program worked out that the Board of Directors of the William Taylor Foundation and the Board of Directors of the Alumni Association asked him to come into the institution and put this program into effect.

After much prayer and consideration Mr. Knight has consented to take the task of being field representative of Taylor University. His task will be that of student promotion and the raising of funds for the institution. He will begin his task the first of October.

After leaving Taylor he went to Drew, later finishing his theological work at Garrett. He has been a popular and successful pastor. His last pastorate was



Roy W. Knight

at Fowler, Indiana. He had a very happy pastorate at Lafay-

ette, where Purdue University is located. He comes to his task in Taylor University in the very best years of his life. He sang on the Taylor quartet while he was here and has the ideals of Taylor University graven upon his heart. He comes in accepting this task as definitely as he did his call to the ministry.

The call now is going out to every alumnus and friend of the institution to rally around Mr. Knight as he leads an advance financial program for Taylor University. He comes to the institution at the time when there is a strong conviction that there are greater days ahead of the college. The institution has never started off with any happier student body and staff than this year. The friends are rallying, and it is hoped that Mr. Knight will be received enthusiastically by every alumnus and friend of the institution.



O. P. Smith Becomes the New Superintendent of Grounds

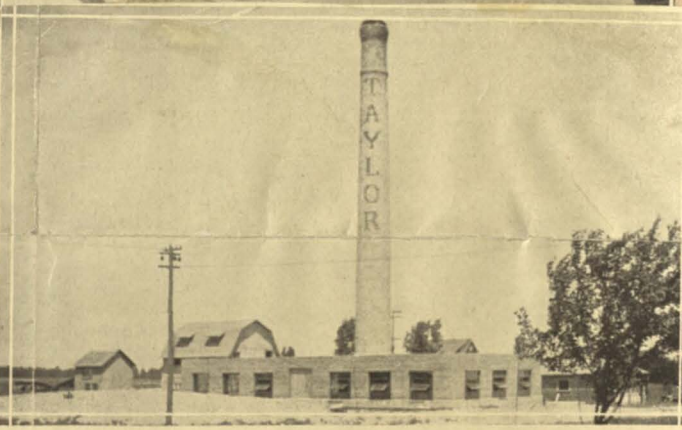
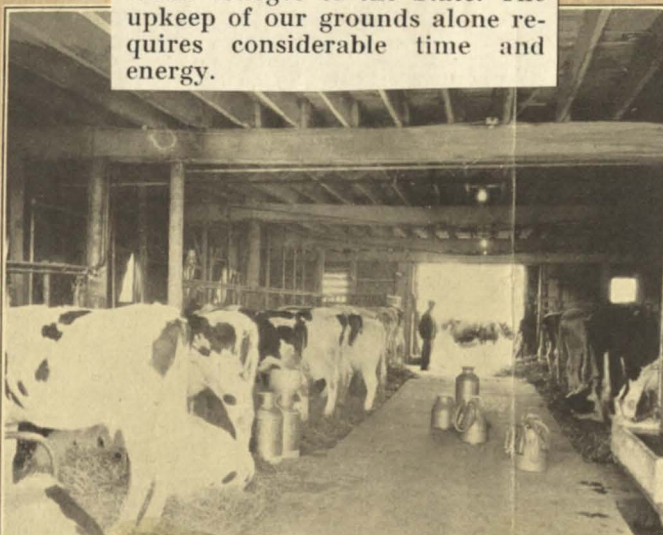


Friends of O. P. Smith, a student at Taylor University in 1915 and 1918, will be glad to know that he has returned in the capacity of Supervisor of Buildings and Grounds. The field was covered thoroughly before Mr. Smith was secured and we feel that a more capable man could not be obtained for this important position. Mr. Smith, who comes to us from New Hampshire, Ohio, will devote his full time to this work.

While we have endeavored and succeeded in doing a great deal of necessary repair work in the past few years, our readers can appreciate the need for continuous and increasing effort along this line. The full time of one person is required if this work is to be supervised and executed properly.

Close followers of the school realize that the standards of repair and maintenance must be raised to meet the exacting demands of our various accrediting agencies. Mr. Smith will be of invaluable assistance in helping to reach this objective.

Many recent visitors to our campus have complimented us on the increasing beauty of our campus, which is recognized as one of the finest among the many small colleges of the State. The upkeep of our grounds alone requires considerable time and energy.



It warms the neighborhood. Taylor's central Heating Plant.



Prof. and Mrs. Wells To Broadcast Over Station WJR, Detroit

Professor and Mrs. Kenneth Wells will sing from Station WJR, Detroit, beginning March 22 for four consecutive Sundays at 8:30 A.M. Central Standard Time.

They will assist John Owen, Evangelist in East Grand Boulevard Methodist Episcopal Church from March 22 to April 3. The following Sunday, April 5, Professor and Mrs. Wells begin a two weeks series of service at the Detroit Holiness Tabernacle with Reverend Seth C. Rees, evangelist.



Tale of a Post

I sat and dreamed at the twilight hour,
For I'd nothing else to do;
And I begged the Muse of the magic
power,
For some legend of old T. U.
So the Muse she came to my surprise,
In the airy form of a ghost;
And the vision that greeted my startled
eyes,
Was naught but a wooden post.
Its outline at first was quite obscure;
And I wondered what it could mean;
But soon 'twas plain; I said, "To be
sure,
'Tis the post where lovers lean."
For here is the line where they must part
When the last good-nights are said;
And they realize with saddened heart,
Their five minutes brief, have sped.
In silence it stands from fall to fall;
Go look, you will find it there
In the vestibule of the dining hall,
At the foot of the winding stair.
And while this post of which I spoke,
Is made of common wood;
The sturdy stump of some brave oak,
That in the forest stood;
Yet, oh it has a history,
Of which it may well be proud;
And many an unsolved mystery,
This column doth enshroud.
For many a bond has here been wrought,
And many been snapped in twain;
And many a dream has come to nought,
Of many a love-lorn swain.
Here Cupid has all his antics played,
And pierced with his arrows keen,
The heart of many a luckless maid,
And of many a youth, I ween.
Indeed, methinks the little blind god
Hath made it his dwelling-place;

For all who lean on its magic wood,
Develop a rapid "case."
And a host of lovers in days gone by,
By its enchantment bound,
Still cherish in their memory
This dear old stamping ground.
How they waited here with upturned
eyes,
Until a maiden fair,
Attired in all her loveliest guise,
Came tripping down the stair.
So here's a toast to the lovers post,
And to all who've felt its power;
And here's a groan for the bachelor lone,
Who never received its dower.
Oh could it speak aloud the love
That it within doth hold;
And publish all its treasure store,
It could a tale unfold.
Stand fast old friend, and still abide;
Thy work will not be done,
Till all lone hearts are satisfied,
All spoils of beauty won.

—J. W. K.
James W. Knight

Still At It

Mary had an automobile
And she ran it like a man.
'Twas a dandy, forty horse power,
Bought on the installment plan.
As a driver she was reckless
And went whizzing through the town.
She defied speed regulations
And she ran the people down.
Mary couldn't make her payments
And they took the car away.
Then she was mighty lonesome,
Knew not how to spend the day.
So she joined a sewing circle,
'Twas a club of some renown,
There she's perfectly at home, for
She's still running people down.

—Selected

Rev. Bert R. Oper Leads Prayer Hour

GOOD ATTENDANCE AT NEW
YEAR'S FIRST PRAYER
MEETING

Rev. Bert R. Oper, a returned missionary and alumnus of Taylor, was a very well received speaker by the students of Taylor at the first prayer meeting of the New Year, January 3. The speaker based his remarks on Psalms 62, and directed thought and meditation on prayer and communion with God. He commented on the verses in the passage as he proceeded to read them, and strongly emphasized how the Palmist's faith grew from "I shall not be greatly moved" (62:2) to "I shall not be moved" (62:6), or as one translator interprets it, "I shall not budge."

One knows that he has access to God, the speaker continued. It is one's privilege to come boldly into His presence, to come as if God, you, and I were the only ones present.

Commenting on the expression, "Selah", Rev. Oper quoted several authorities as to its meaning: "stop and think", "think of that", and "stop, look, and listen." There are times in one's life when he ought to stop, look and listen. There is a great need of that today. Take time to be holy. One must trust God at all times. He is a refuge for us; He is able to meet any situation.

God is a merciful God, the speaker said. No matter how we've strayed and gone away from Him, He takes us back. It is a wonderful thing to trust in God in all kinds of circumstances. God delights in those who trusts in Him, and He will never betray our confidence. He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think.

Following the message, there was a session of voluntary prayer. A great number gave earnest, sincere testimonies regarding vacation experiences, present blessings, and victory through the keeping power of Jesus. The meeting closed with the hymn, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee", and those present stepped forth into the New Year with renewed faith and courage to go every step of the way with Jesus.

"Thanks to You"

There are pleasures in life you never can have
Unless you are laid on the shelf for awhile;
And some of these are the "Get Well" cards
That are made in every conceivable style.

They have come to me in booklet form,
With helpful messages all aglow,
And a package of seeds from a very dear friend,
To say to my heart that "Flowers still grow."

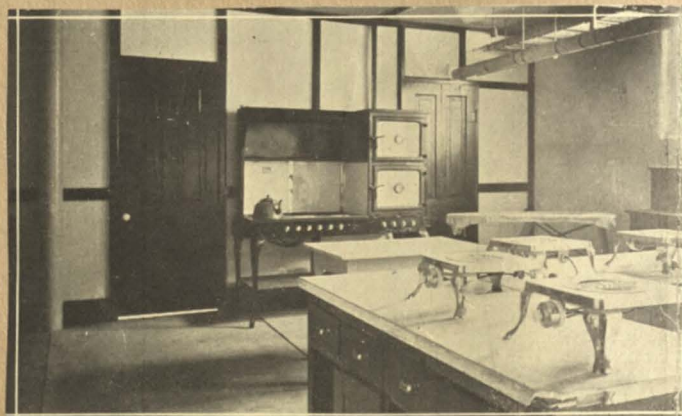
They arrived in my room with train loads of love,
And by carrier pigeons in rapid flight,
With a little package under the wing
That contained a message of hope and light.

They were sent to me from distant states
By loved ones of mine who seldom write,
And neighbors and friends across the way,
Just to make my path seem a bit more bright.

And now to my friends both far and near
This message in turn I send to you;
I thank you for all of your earnest prayers,
And your "Get Well" cards, sincere and true.

—Mrs. Burt W. Ayres

NOTE: In recent severe illness Mrs. Ayres has received manifold tokens of kindness from friends everywhere. She wishes to express her heartfelt gratitude through the Bulletin, in hopes that among its many readers, those who remembered her would in turn receive her "Thanks To You."



Where science touches life. Domestic Science Laboratories.

Pres. Stuart and Quartet Conduct Youth Conferences

A unique and wonderful piece of work is being done by Pres. Robert Lee Stuart and the Taylor University quartet in the conducting of Youth Conferences in various communities. These special youth gatherings are held weekends in various churches with young people's groups from all about being invited in. Young folks are being touched and won to Christ; churches are being stirred, with new life and impetus given them as a result.



Pres. Robert Lee Stuart

Dr. Stuart and the quartet are conducting such a conference at Clinton, Indiana, the week-end of Nov. 24 to 26, and another at Salem, Illinois, Dec. 9-10. God has been richly blessing such gatherings. Pray with us for these services that He might have full sway in the hearts of these young people.

Write in to Taylor University if you would like Pres. Stuart and the quartet to conduct such a Youth Conference in your community. There are yet some open dates after the first of the year when you can secure this group, or a student Gospel Team.



Hoover, Cummings, Brown, Blake



DR. L. G. JACOBS,
Supt., Muncie District, Methodist Church, and President, Taylor University Board of Directors

Lean Hard.

The Loving Father's Invitation.

Child of My love, lean hard;
And let Me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child; I shaped it,—
Poised it in Mine own hand,—made no proportion
Of its weight to thine unaided strength;
For even as I laid it on, I said,—
I shall be near, and while she leans on Me,
This burden shall be Mine, not hers;
So shall I keep My child in the encircling arms
Of Mine own love. Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come,—
Thou art not near enough. I would embrace thy care,
So I might feel My child reposing on My breast.
Thou lovest Me? I know it. Doubt not, then;
But, loving Me, lean hard.

The Trusting Child's Acceptation.

Father, I must lean hard.
And lay on Thee the burden of this pain;
This murmuring impatience, too—Thou know'st
Is harder still to bear. My fainting heart
Must find its shelter 'neath the circling arms
Of Thine own love. Firm, clasp it there!
Take all my burden—Thou saidst it shall be Thine;
Leaning on Thee I know I shall be strong.
Father! dear Father! I would be closer yet;
But Thou must draw me, else I cannot come.
Thine arm is not enough—where else can I repose
But on Thy loving breast? Soft pillowed there
Forever let me lie! Weary and weak,
My feet had stumbled on this rugged way,
Hadst Thou not held my hand; and now I'm come
O'erwhelm. Father! Thou lov'st Thy child—
I do not doubt—but will "lean hard."

THE BOSS

(Barton Rees Pogue)

You'll shed a salt tear at the close of the year
And bless the professors you've met,
And pour out your praise in various ways
For the grades and favors you get,
But tell me, my friend, when you come to the end
And you're handing out lillies in moss
Do you ever opine that a well worded line
"Boss"?

The "Boss," understand, holds no chalk in his hand—
The hammer and wrench are his tools—
He doesn't teach trig or make you to dig
For scansion and logical rules.
He's the man who's around, when zeros abound,
With blow-torch and good weather eye,
Through many a night he has kept up the fight
While others were snug in the "rye".

He does not appear at the close of the year
In honors at Chapel to bask,
But spends all his time at keeping in rhyme
The multiplied parts of his task—
The farm with its "cheat", and the lights and the heat
The campus, the dray and the "hoss"
The fences, the roads and cottage abodes
All come in a day for the "Boss".

Then sing we praise in a thoughtful phrase
To one, who has labored and wrought
Who answered a call and works for us all
Obeying his Master's thought.
"Boss" Abbey, we love you! May heaven above you
Enrich every moment you live,
And add to your tasks the joy your heart asks
In return for the service you give.

THE P. O. P.

Splintered old holder,
Rusty old point,
Wibby and wobbly
And weak in the joint.
Corroded, and cursed at
Again and again,
Sputtering, scribbling
Old postoffice pen.

Inky and dinky
With one tooth gone,
Stubby and groggy,
You write on and on.
Some day they'll change you,
But goodness knows when,
Rusty, old trusty
Old postoffice pen.

Stroking you downward,
You work like a charm,
But when we go upward
God shield you from harm,
For many's the mortal
Holding you then
Would splutter still worse than
Our postoffice pen.

Worn out but working,
Still at it hard,
Mostly for Roebuck's
Or Montgomery Ward.
Orders and love notes
From women and men—
"Excuse all the splutters,
It's the postoffice pen!"

BARTON REES POGUE.

S

Shreiner is a dorm;
Speicher is another.
Sickler is boys' palace;
Sammy is its brother.
Swallow is the new one
Soon its charms we'll see
Stately on the Campus.
S—eternally!

Fourth Annual Youth Conference Best Yet

The seven hundred thirty-nine registered delegates from the outside with the local student body and staff made over a thousand present. There were days when the attendance was over fifteen hundred.

It was a glorious sight to see not only the main floor of the gymnasium filled, but on Sunday the balcony filled practically all the way around. The Conference had caught the imagination of the splendid youth, and they came and were wonderfully blessed. Parents and friends from distant states sent their relatives and friends from neighboring states to Indiana.

There were altar services in which there were between fifty and seventy-five young people sobbing and praying their way through into these great, rich,

What Are Your Plans?

Why not plan a Youth Conference for your city or community, making it interdenominational and bringing in the groups from a radius of fifty to seventy-five miles. It is a tremendous piece of work.

Below is a suggested program for a Youth Conference:

Friday Evening
Fellowship Dinner
Mass Meeting

Saturday Morning
Sunrise Service led by youth.
Discussion and Conference groups
General Mass Meeting.

Saturday Afternoon
Discussion and Conference groups
General Mass Meeting

Saturday Evening
Fellowship Hour
Crucial Messages by Youth

Sunday Morning
Discussion Groups
Mass Evangelism

Sunday Afternoon
Fellowship Hour
General Mass Meeting
(The entire meeting would be through around 4:00.)

Why not put on a meeting like this in connection with your camp meeting or Bible Conference? Taylor can furnish quartet and other outstanding young people to furnish leadership for such a meeting.

THE MUTUBILLS.

For death must come and change; and though the loss
Seems to the lonely soul the heaviest cross,
More bitter is the fate that day by day
Sees with sick heart the slow and sure decay
Of love and faith; and all our years we spend
In sorrow that those deathless things can end,
Far kinder then were death; for so could we
Be left with an unchanging memory;
And after years this comfort would restore:
That which death takes is ours forevermore.
—Alice Learned Bunner, in Century.

New Testament, personal, spiritual experiences. Sinners were gloriously converted, backsliders reclaimed, and believers mightily baptized with the Holy Spirit. Others settled their life call and are getting ready to go out to the ends of the earth with this glorious Gospel.

The young people voted unanimously to come back for another year, so we are already praying and planning for a Youth Conference next year.

ference next year.

The next thing we are anxious to do is to conserve these results and to have these young people used in their churches, Sunday Schools, and young people's societies during the year in leading others to Christ. Already reports have come in to our offices of conversions that took place as these young people went home and gave their personal testimonies.

A Notable Gathering

Dr. Paul Rees

The Christian college represents what is virtually the last chance that the church has to capture for Christ the young people who are to become the leaders of tomorrow. There are, God be thanked, some institutions that are highly resolved to make the most of this strategic opportunity. Among them is Taylor University, where, three years ago, a week-end was set apart in the spring for a gathering to be known as a Youth Conference. To the campus of this historic college, whose name is redolent with the memories of Bishop William Taylor and Samuel Morris, were invited all the young people who would come to face seriously the claims and offers of Jesus Christ, and who desired to make as effective as possible their living and witnessing for Christ.

The idea caught on. The response was most gratifying. It was my privilege to have a part in that first conference, and to rejoice with its leaders in the spiritual power that marked it and the excellent results that followed it. Since then, three similar conferences have been held, the latest one closing Sunday, March 7. Again it has been my joy, after these three years, to participate in this enterprise and to observe its splendid growth. Three years ago we were in Shreiner Auditorium. This year all the principal meetings were held in the Maytag Gymnasium, and for the first time the balconies in the gymnasium were called into use. We began Friday night with a congregation of a thousand, and closed Sunday afternoon with a crowd nearly twice that large.

The Holy Spirit took the things of Christ and showed them unto us, even as the Master said He would. Together we felt the grip of such high themes as "The Matchless Claim and Call of Jesus Christ," "The Kind of a Man God Calls Good," "The Wonderful Christ," "Bought With the Price," and "The Abundance of Grace." Three



REV. PAUL REES

times on Saturday the long altar was filled, and at both of the Sunday meetings it was more than filled, with young men and women who were in quest of that release from guilt, or that cleansing of spirit and that empowerment of life which only Christ can give. The radiant faces with which so many of them left the altar were the visible expressions of inner victories they had won through yielding to God—victories, let us pray, that shall be sustained across the tomorrows by loyal fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ.

Much credit is due the student and faculty administrators of the conference for the smooth functioning of the machinery necessary to entertain so many visitors and carry through so intensive and varied a program. To President Stuart must be given thanks for the impassioned spiritual impetus that he gave to all phases of the work. Young people and friends of young people in all this midwest territory will do well to remember the Youth Conference that is featured each spring on the campus of Taylor University.

Taylor Friend Concludes Fourth Annual Visit

Dr. MacCarther concluded a visit on the campus on Friday. This is the fourth straight year that the old gentleman has favored the students here with his presence. He will soon be eighty years old. He was raised a Baptist, but as he puts it, "I had Methodist Doctrine." He was sanctified long before he ever heard that term. At an early age he came in contact with Dr. A. B. Simpson. He and six other men were the founders of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Since that time he has crossed and recrossed the continent. About ten years ago his sons got to-gether, put him on a ship and sent him around the world. Thus, he has also come in contact with many mission lands.



Dr. MacCarther

He has four living sons. All of them are tremendously successful in the fields that they have chosen to enter. Two are heads of insurance companies, another is the president of a large publishing house, and the other is a famous playwright.

All who have made his acquaintance realize that he is unique. He illustrates as vividly as any preacher today. And some of his illustrations are orkers.

He addressed the chapel three times. The first time he spoke on "Epoch Making Experiences". This was really a story of his spiritual life. Not soon will the audience forget such sentences as, "I got desperate with God". "I commanded God". "I cried in the potato patch where no one could hear me. You get where you can talk out loud to God."

The second morning he spoke on "The Sacredness Of the Human Body." He showed the body was the temple of the holy spirit. "We are not a higher order of animals," he exclaimed, "but a lower order of dieties."

On Friday, he concluded his message on that subject. He was (Continued on Page 3)
He left Friday for Oak Park, Illinois, where he will be preaching for the next few months.

"Methodism Fifty Years Ago."

At a Methodist Ministerial Convention held in Youngsville, Pa., November 1886, the following lines were suggested to the writer's mind by listening to the venerable J. W. Wilson, a pioneer Methodist of 76 years, whose part on the programme was to speak of Methodism 50 years ago.—A. B., Minister.

Our hearts were stirred while listening to reports of other years,
From one who stood full five feet ten,
A sturdy pioneer;
Tho' sixty-seven long years of toil
This patriarch had seen,
His step was quick, his memory clear,
His eye was sharp and keen.

"J. W. Wilson," "Aye," he said, and moving to the stand,
His noble form, and face, and step,
Attention must command,
"I'm here," he said, "by God's kind care,
To let the people know,
How Methodism will compare with
fifty years ago.

"From Pittsburgh to Lake Erie, two
hundred miles away,
Through flooded streams and trackless
wood, we picked our weary way;
No palace train, nor street car then,
To help the preacher through;
Well, it don't seem much like Methodism
fifty years ago.

"With blankets and with saddle-bags,
astride our noble horse,
To plant the banner of the cross in the
wild woods of the north;
Waked by the howling wolves at midnight,
drenched with rain or falling snow;
Well, it don't seem much like Methodism
fifty years ago.

"Tomorrow night we reach the hut
where many brethren dear,
Have gathered from their mountain homes
the Word of Life to hear;
The congregation all would sing,
then old and young would bow;
Well, they don't act much like Methodists
did fifty years ago.

"With hearts attuned to holy song,
with shouts the house would ring,
The preacher cried aloud, 'Amen!
let everybody sing!
There was no operatic choir, no
organ boy below;
Well, they don't sing much like Methodists
did fifty years ago.

"Hear Him, ye deaf," we all would sing,
for in our book 'twas found,
To praise the Lord with loosened tongue
and let the lame man bound;
When blest they never sang us down;
we had no choir you know;
But they don't get blest like Methodists
did fifty years ago.

"How that holy man would plead with God
to help him preach the Word,
To give the text, the line of thought,
to glorify the Lord:
But after prayer he did not rise and
from his pocket draw—
But they don't depend, like Methodists
did fifty years ago.

"Then from the preacher's sacred lips
like coals of fire would fall,
The awful terrors of the law, till men
for help would call;
He never preached of stars and flowers,
but God's great love did show;
Well, they don't preach much like Meth-
odists did fifty years ago.

"From God's own Bible how that man
would fearlessly proclaim,
Men must be clean and separate, and
women must be plain;
The plumes, the gold, and pearls all went,
for that was in the vow;
Well, they don't dress much like Meth-
odists did fifty years ago.

"The preacher wore no gold or gem,
'gainst pride his voice was heard;
His saintly wife could shout, 'Amen!
Lord, save the humming bird!
No one could share communion then
with breast-pin, ring or bow,
But they don't look much like Methodists
did fifty years ago.

"That holy preacher was not bound by
secret password ties;
He had not sworn to cover crimes
by telling horrid lies;
He would denounce sin everywhere,
he had no cable-tow:
The yoke was not on Methodists
fifty years ago.

"The shouts of praise from new-born
souls, the testimony clear,
To pardon, or to perfect love that
casteth out all fear;
By faith and not by growth, they said,
'I'm sanctified just now;
But they don't talk like the Methodists
of fifty years ago.

"The members when those meetings passed
were all the true and tried;
You'd hear it said, 'there's fifty saved
and thirty sanctified;
But now, 'two hundred joined the league,
or 'signed the card,' you know;
They don't get members like they used
to fifty years ago.

"Those Methodists were known to be
particular to spend
Their money just as God was pleased;
His glory was their end;
For wine, cigars, perfumes and such,
their cash would never go;
But they don't smell now like Methodists
of fifty years ago.

"We often read, the house of God should
be a house of prayer,
'Twas clean and plain and never used
for festival or fair;
They never built a kitchen then, or
basement for a show;
But they don't pay like the Methodists did
fifty years ago.

"The Methodists in early times were
lovers of the Word,
They knew their Bibles, and they loved
to learn about the Lord;
The fashion plate, the Sunday news,
and novels had no show;
But they don't read what the Methodists
read fifty years ago.

"Then it was thought a proper thing
a family to rear,
Of sons and daughters hale and strong,
infanticide was feared;
And they were trained in reverence, and
respect to parents showed;
But they don't raise children like they
did fifty years ago.

In God's own Bible we have read, 'Let
widows in Me trust;
On Him the saints of old did lean, when
human help was dust;
But now they have another plan: 'His
life's insured,' and so
They need not trust like Methodists did
fifty years ago.

The Hymns of Charles Wesley

published in *The Independent*

WALTER MALONE

the strains are these, to live so

so many in so many lands,
appointed arbiters of song
faced like scribblings in the

London, choked with sin and

gar and the burglar stop to

night, beneath the street-lamp's

ed woman feels a burning tear.

f Cornwall, underneath the sea,
y laborer hears their martial

nt call from coming wrath to

e ocean thunders overhead.

uri forests, dark and lone,

he Mississippi's turbid waves,

s church yards, bramble-

own,

nverts fill a thousand thousand

rude huts of the pioneers
mns awoke the wilderness at

cries of wild beasts, fraught
fears,
ther's growling and the gray
bark.

nber, when a barefoot boy,
d to hear thy wondrous trumpet-

nd its days of deathless joy,
al river and its jasper wall.

y thee, I saw its clustered palms,
ing summits with their diamond

land, with everlasting calms
es wet with dews of Paradise.

ans have raised the peasant from
od,

ade the rude, half-savage nature

; ed a score of kingdoms unto

d a million hearts at Jesus' feet.
rk City.

ys: "O hirelin', hasten,
n de ninety an' nine—
ay off from de sheep fol'
black sheep of Mine!"
elin' frown—"O Shepherd,
de sheep am here!"
epherd—He smile—
lil' black sheep
de mostest dear!

epherd go out in de darkness
ight was col' and bleak—
black sheep He find it
again' His cheek.
elin' frown—"O Shepherd,
dat sheep to me!"
epherd—He smile—an'

He hol' it close,
An'—dat lil' black sheep was—me!

From "Missionary Notes," in *Ballarat (Australia)*
Chronicle.

the various spots where Mr. Wesley
preached in Savannah.

Plans are being made for a trip to St.
Simon's Island and the now deserted vil-

But de Shepherd—He smile—
Seems de lil' black sheep
Was as fair as de break ob day!

Fourth Annual Youth Conference Best Yet

Taylor Friend Concludes Fourth Annual Visit

The seven hundred thirty-nine registered delegates from the outside with the local student body and staff made over a thousand present. There were days when the attendance was over fifteen hundred.

It was a glorious sight to see not only the main floor of the gymnasium filled, but on Sunday the balcony filled practically all the way around. The Conference had caught the imagination of the splendid youth, and they came and were wonderfully blessed. Parents and friends from distant states sent their relatives and friends from neighboring states to Indiana.

There were altar services in which there were between fifty and seventy-five young people sobbing and praying their way through into these great, rich,

What Are Your Plans?

Why not plan a Youth Conference for your city or community, making it interdenominational and bringing in the groups from a radius of fifty to seventy-five miles. It is a tremendous piece of work.

Below is a suggested program for a Youth Conference:

Friday Evening
Fellowship Dinner
Mass Meeting

Saturday Morning
Sunrise Service led by youth.
Discussion and Conference groups
General Mass Meeting.

Saturday Afternoon
Discussion and Conference groups
General Mass Meeting

Saturday Evening
Fellowship Hour
Crucial Messages by Youth

Sunday Morning
Discussion Groups
Mass Evangelism

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General Mass Meeting

(The entire meeting would be through around 4:00.)

Why not put on a meeting like this in connection with your camp meeting or Bible Conference? Taylor can furnish quartet and other outstanding young people to furnish leadership for such a meeting.

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New Testament, personal, spiritual experiences. Sinners were gloriously converted, backsliders reclaimed, and believers mightily baptized with the Holy Spirit. Others settled their life call and are getting ready to go out to the ends of the earth with this glorious Gospel.

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ference next year.

The next thing we are anxious to do is to conserve these results

"O God, for faithful men today who'll stand by discipline,
Who will not bend nor condescend to let the rich ones in;
But like true legates from the skies, proclaim to high and low,
That Methodists should be the same as fifty years ago.

"O Methodists! come back! come back!" the sainted Bishop said;
"Again we read, 'Thou hast a name to live, but thou art dead.'
O Christ! come in and sanctify, so every one shall know,
We're living in the Church God built, six thousand years ago!"

Mule Sense, or, Gospel Sense?

We are laborers together with God. 1 Cor. 3: 9.

Let us live by faith and work together until we can remove mountains out of the way of needy people who can not get over them. Faith will increase as we exercise it. And let us keep humble while God works through us. I remember seeing, in a dream, a large building being moved; a few tractors and a mule, with other teams, were pulling it along. When the men got it in place they unhitched the tractors and teams and went on to other work, leaving the mule hitched to the building until they would need him again. But when all were gone the mule tried to go after them with the whole load, *thinking*, apparently, *he alone had pulled it all before*. He tried to pull it again and again, and of course only failed.

Well, brothers and sisters, we are pulling the great good old Gospel chariot along *TOGETHER*, and if it ever comes to our mind that we are pulling it *alone*, then you see we only have mule sense and soon will find out that without God and other "helps" we can do nothing. "The Lord giveth the increase;" however we must plow and sow and water before we can reap.

Let us work till the day is done, "for the night cometh when no man can work."—C. H. S.

We believe if people would listen closer when the Lord speaks and calls them to His service there would be less leaders and more "helpers" in the good work and printing already in existence instead of getting tracts printed that are not as full of vital truths as those printed here, or starting up new printing plants of their own, thus splitting their strength, being handicapped by little experience, poor equipment, &c., for by unity of hands and pocketbooks (as well as heart and soul) far more can be done at less cost. Oh, how the devil hinders the whole truth from getting to the people! And ignorant Christians love to have it so.

The great Day of Reckoning is coming and all self-will, "devil-individuality" and seeming good works, ("wood, hay and stubble"), will have a hot time of it then.—A. D. S.

in all this midwest territory do well to remember the Youth Conference that is featured each spring on the campus of Taylor University.

On Friday, he concluded his message on that subject. He was (Continued on Page 3)
He left Friday for Oak Park, Illinois, where he will be preaching for the next few months.



WHO SHALL BE GREATEST?

The longing of the restless heart,
The strife of human will,
The old dispute of ages since,
The troubled question still.

But "Jesus called a little child"—
And such henceforth shall be
The fittest type of noble souls
And highest dignity.

For God's great ones are hidden ones
Who deems himself the least,
And seeks to fill the lowest room,
Sits highest at the feast.

Towel-begirt, so nearer God,
Such cannot stoop to boast;
They ask not who shall sit at meat,
But who shall serve the most.

Unfettered in their lowly thoughts,
They tread a royal road,
Too meek to seek the praise of men,
They win the smile of God.

Earth has a loud acclaim for those
Who hold its laurels dear;
But Heaven is moved to ecstasy
Over one contrite tear!

For him who seeks to serve, is kept
The welcome and the ring,
The music of the father's house—
"Bring forth the best" for him.

How long the Master's lesson waits
Unlearned, yet plainly given,
That of His little ones, the least
Is tallest in His Heaven. —Sel.

Don't address me, "Rev." It is written: "Holy and Reverend is *His* name." Psalms 111: 9. Who ever heard tell of Rev. Paul, Rev. Peter, Rev. John or Right Rev. Christ? Luther called himself a "Jackass," and I feel it would be far more appropriate to my name than Rev. when I read the stupidity of my own soul before God.



Under the famous Wesley Oak, which stands on St. Simon's Island near the abandoned town of Frederica, John Wesley preached

A Pilgrimage to Savannah, Where Wesley Preached

IN 1938, world-wide Methodism will commemorate the 200th anniversary of the transformation of John Wesley in the little society meeting in Aldersgate Street, London.

In a very real sense the spiritual preparation for this heart-warming experience was in the city of Savannah, Ga., where Mr. Wesley spent the two years immediately preceding the Aldersgate awakening. It is fitting, therefore, that the Aldersgate commemoration should be launched in Savannah, the only city in America where Mr. Wesley actually labored in person.

The Aldersgate session of the General Missionary Council of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, will be held in Savannah, January 11-14, 1938. A national pilgrimage of Methodists to Savannah will feature this event. All American Methodists are invited to attend. One of the most distinguished programs ever presented in the country has been arranged.

The mornings will be devoted to addresses delivered by outstanding American Methodists on themes congenial to and growing out of Mr. Wesley's heart-warming experience at Aldersgate. In the afternoons there will be pilgrimages to the spots in and about Savannah made sacred by the personal presence of Mr. Wesley.

These will include the sites of Mr. Wesley's landing on American soil, Tybee Island; Thunderbolt, the fishing village which figured so prominently in Mr. Wesley's Journal; Bethesda, the orphan house founded by Charles Whitefield in 1740, and the various spots where Mr. Wesley preached in Savannah.

Plans are being made for a trip to St. Simon's Island and the now deserted vil-

lage of Frederica, second only to Savannah itself in the American labors of Wesley. At Frederica is the ruin of the fort erected by General Oglethorpe as a defense against the Spanish in Florida. Near by is the Wesley Oak, under which Mr. Wesley delivered a sermon. Near by also is the site of the house erected by Mr. Wesley as a meeting house, and the site of the only home of Mr. Oglethorpe in Georgia.

Vesper services will be held each evening in Old Trinity Church, and mass meetings in the great Savannah Auditorium.

The attendance at this Aldersgate Council is expected to tax the capacity of the city of Savannah, so that arrangements to attend should be made as early as possible. A booklet with full information may be obtained from Dr. Elmer T. Clark, 624 Doctors Building, Nashville, Tenn.

A Negro's Sermon

Poor lil' black sheep dat strayed away
Don' los' in de win' an' de rain.
An' de Shepherd He said: "O hirelin',
Go find my sheep again!"—
But de Shepherd—He smile—
Seems de lil' black sheep
Was the onliest lamb He had!

An' He says, "O hirelin', hasten,
For de wind an' de rain am col',
An' dat lil' black sheep am lonesome
Out dar so far from the fol'"—
But de hirelin' frown—"O Shepherd,
Dat sheep am ol' an' grey!"
But de Shepherd—He smile—
Seems de lil' black sheep
Was as fair as de break ob day!

The Hymns of Charles Wesley

First published in *The Independent*

By WALTER MALONE

What simple strains are these, to live so long,

To move so many in so many lands,
When self-appointed arbiters of song
Are all effaced like scribblings in the sands.

In dens of London, choked with sin and shame,
The beggar and the burglar stop to hear,
And in the night, beneath the street-lamp's flame,
The ruined woman feels a burning tear.

In mines of Cornwall, underneath the sea,
The grimy laborer hears their martial tread,
Their fervent call from coming wrath to flee;
Above the ocean thunders overhead.

Amid Missouri forests, dark and lone,
And by the Mississippi's turbid waves,
In nameless church yards, bramble-overgrown,
Their converts fill a thousand thousand graves.

Among the rude huts of the pioneers
Those hymns awoke the wilderness at dark
Above the cries of wild beasts, fraught with fears,
The panther's growling and the gray wolf's bark.

So I remember, when a barefoot boy,
I thrilled to hear thy wondrous trumpet-call
To Zion, and its days of deathless joy,
Its crystal river and its jasper wall.

And, led by thee, I saw its clustered palms,
Its shining summits with their diamond skies,
A Beulah-land, with everlasting calms
And lilies wet with dews of Paradise.

These hymns have raised the peasant from the sod,
Have made the rude, half-savage nature sweet;
Have reared a score of kingdoms unto God,
And laid a million hearts at Jesus' feet.
New York City.

An' He says: "O hirelin', hasten,
Lo here am de ninety an' nine—
But lon' way off from de sheep fol'
Is dat lil' black sheep of Mine!"
An' de hirelin' frown—"O Shepherd,
De rest ob de sheep am here!"
But de Shepherd—He smile—
Seems de lil' black sheep
He hol' it de mostest dear!

An' de Shepherd go out in de darkness
Wer' de night was col' and bleak—
An' dat lil' black sheep He find it
An' lay it again' His cheek.
An' de hirelin' frown—"O Shepherd,
Don' bring dat sheep to me!"
But de Shepherd—He smile—an'
He hol' it close,
An'—dat lil' black sheep was—me!

From "Missionary Notes," in *Ballarat* (Australia) *Chronicle*.

MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE MONTHLY

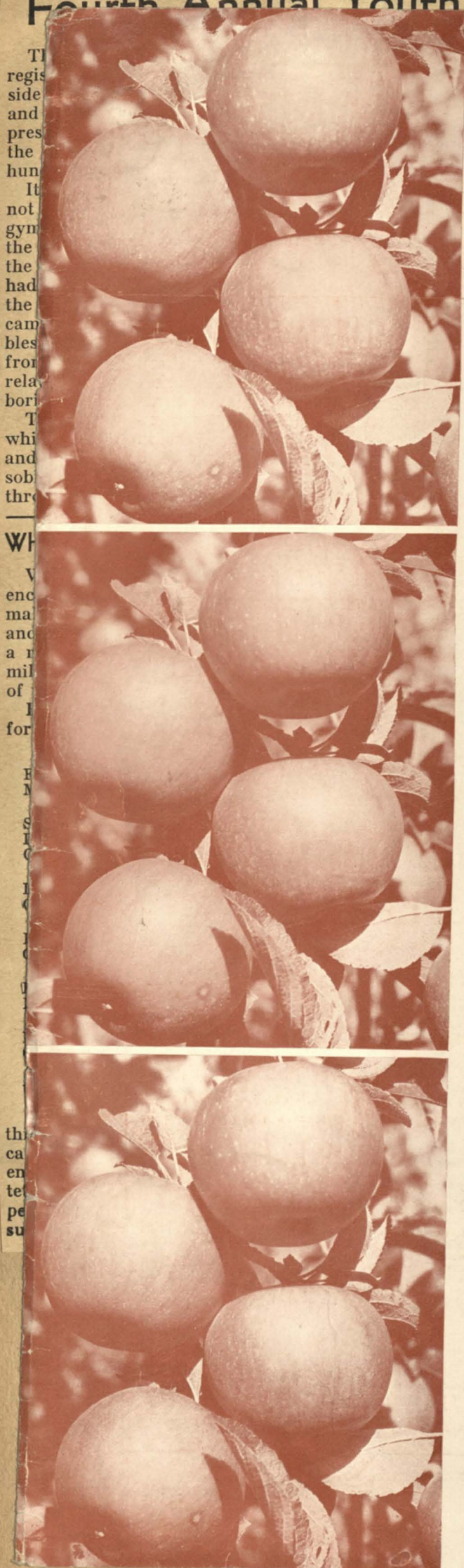
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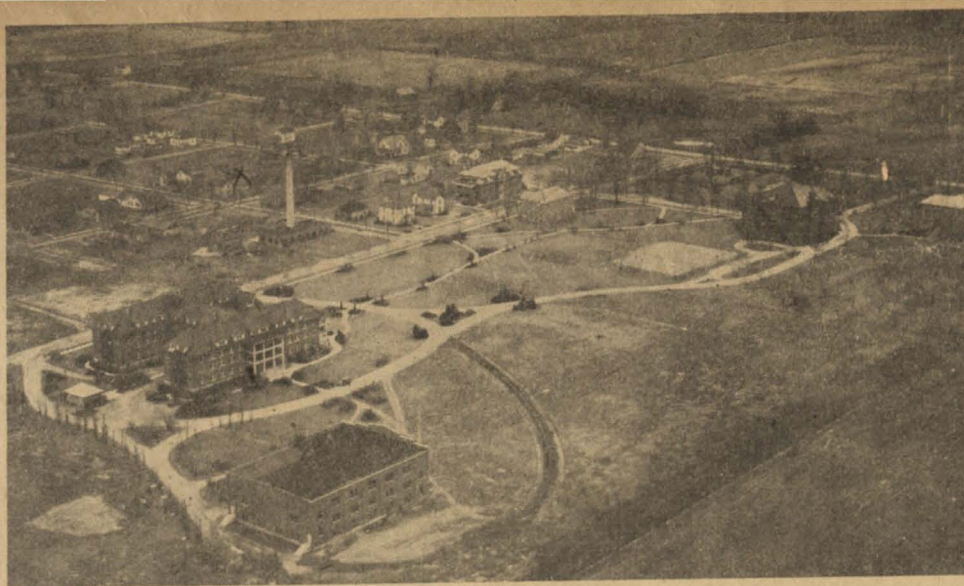


Many Thanks, Old Tree!

By Sadie Louise Miller, Upland, Ind.

Dear, lonely Apple-tree:
So tired-like you seem as there you stand
Outside my kitchen door.
Your dress is dullest brown today;
You wore bright green before.
Your leaves are falling fast;
But, loath to part from you at last,
They loiter, as each downward floats,
And circling round and round,
They seem to sail
Imaginary seas of buoyant gale,
Like tiny child-made paper boats.
Some branches peering through
Still bear the glow of youthful green.
They speak to me of what you were,
When decked in brilliant sheen.
But, were you all in brown,
I still could not forget
The luscious joy of summertime,
When, brightly hued and in your prime,
You gave me of your ruddy fruit—
The memory lingers yet!
My deepfelt thanks, old Tree:
Just take another night's refreshing sleep;
Adorn yourself again in green
And call once more to me.





TAYLOR FROM THE AIR

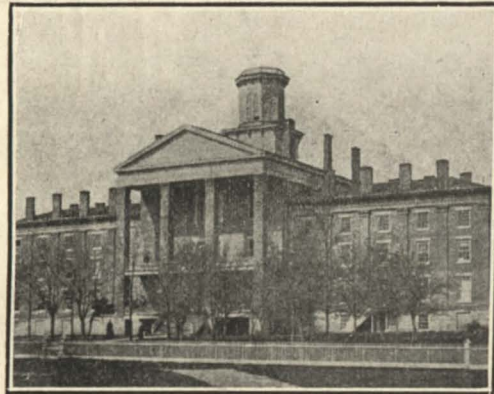
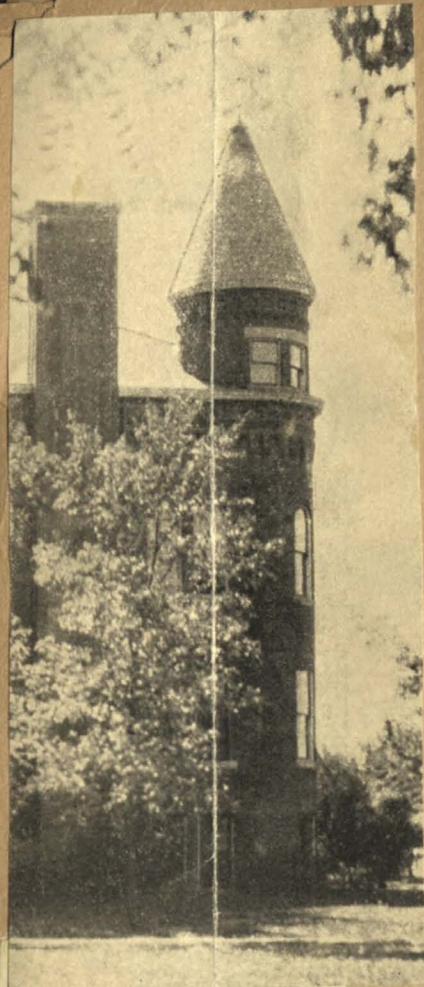
This picture shows the Maytag Gymnasium, and Campbell-Magee-Wisconsin dormitories in the left foreground. Swallow-Robin dormitory for men, Sickler Hall, the Administration building, and the Heating plant are in the center. The Music Hall may be seen at the extreme right. This picture of the campus of Taylor University gives a good view of the campus plan.



As Taylor University approaches its one hundredth birthday we feel that it would be well to state just a few facts concerning its growth during these years and its large place in our world.

Taylor University was first known as the Fort Wayne Female College, which was organized in 1846 by the Indiana Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1852 it was united with the Collegiate Institute of the same place and became the Fort Wayne College, a co-educational school. In 1890 it passed under the control of the National Association of Local Preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and its name was changed to Taylor University. It was named for the missionary bishop, William Taylor, called in Hurst's History, the modern St. Paul.

On July 31, 1893, Taylor University was rechartered and moved to its present location. Rev. T. C. Reade, LL.D., was president at the time the location was changed from Fort Wayne to Upland. In its new location it began with a campus of ten acres of land and \$10,000 donated by the citizens of Upland.



View of Old Fort Wayne College



One of several music studio



Our haven of health. A glimpse at Taylor's campus.



Perpetual spring and its robin. Looking in on the Greenhouses.



The Oldest Building
On Our Campus



"Tower Seen Far
Distant"

The Home of Many
Sacred Memories



"The End of Learning is
to Know God."

TAYLOR HYMN

Four square to every wind that blows,
My Alma Mater stands;
Her line with peace and blessing goes
To men in distant lands;
And out to earth's remotest bound
Her children make her name renowned.

The rainbow clothes her maple bow'rs
When autumn classes meet;
Her campus drinks the summer show'rs
And wears the winter sleet;
In spring when friendships fonder grow
Her orchard trees are white as snow.

A beacon light among her peers,
In modesty serene,
Old Taylor speaks through changing years
For standards high and clean;
And holding not the truth in strife
Exalts the Spirit and the life.

Though I be borne from golden scenes
Of childhood's early hours,
Let not life's swiftly flowing streams
Bear me from Taylor's towers,
Her happy fields, her friendly halls,
And standards taught within her walls.



Where cross the crowded ways of life. Three buildings in one. Rooms for three hundred. Social parlors and dining hall for all who come and go.



Senior Gift 1926

Two Stately Places That Hold Glory

The Rocks

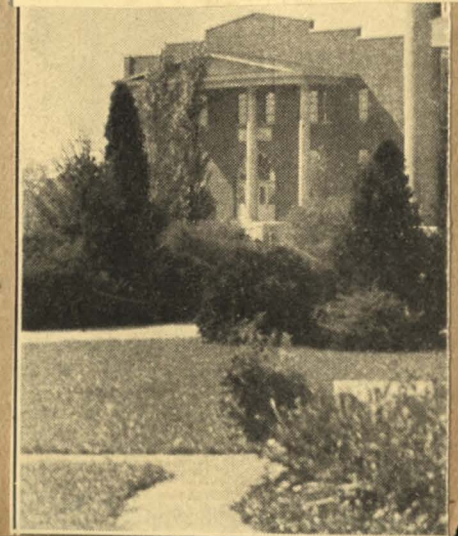
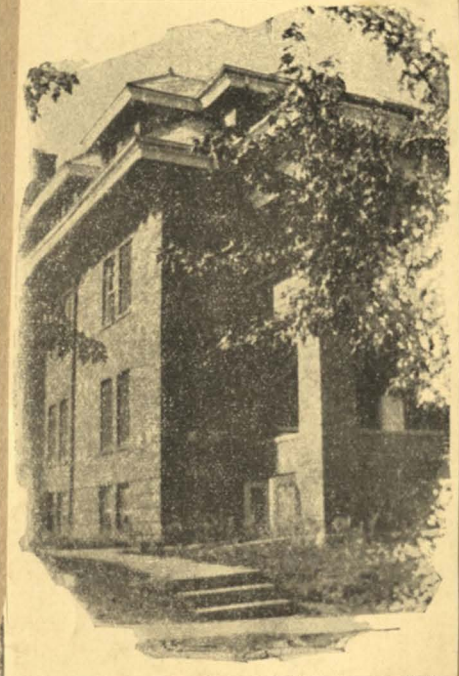
The Buildings

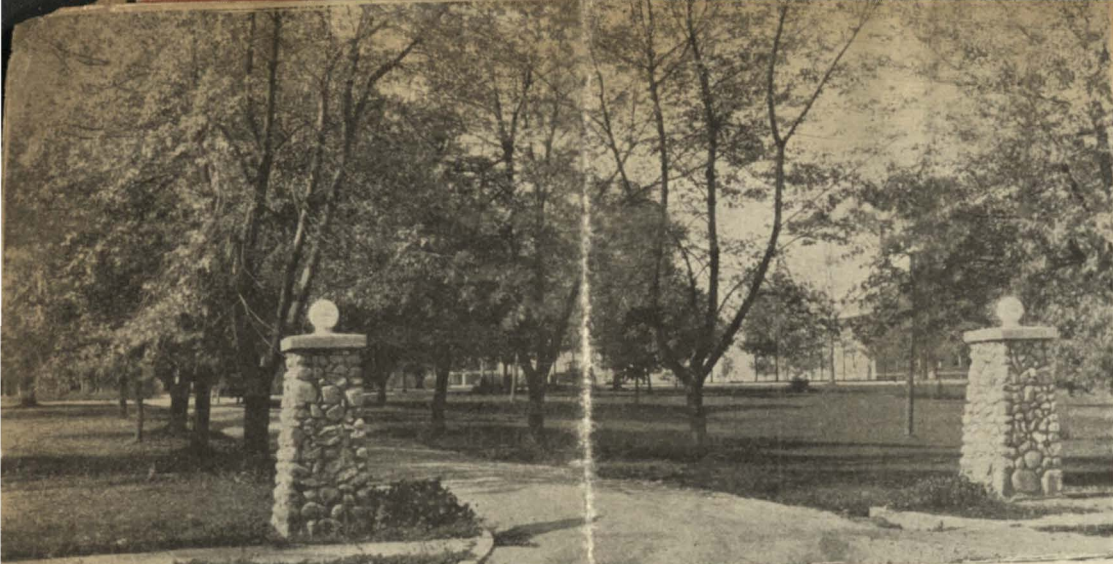


Dr. B. W. Ayers



Prof. B. R. Pogue





We, just another Freshman Class, passed between these stone sentinels last fall and entered not only into an educational realm, but into a deeper and richer experience of living. Since entering Taylor we have slowly been adjusting ourselves to new ideals, and at last are beginning to feel a part of the vast Taylor Family.



An elegant brick building for men. Another, plainer building, Sammy Morris Hall, is visible at the right.



Taylor's great system of new dormitories adds a rooming capacity of 300 to the school's facilities, with dining room for 600 and social parlors for several hundred. It is one of America's greatest college dormitories, modern throughout.

A Rare Poem.
MRS. H. C. MORRISON.

Oh! what holy walks we had,
Thro' harvest fields, and des'late, dreary
wastes:
And oftentimes He leaned upon my arm,
Wearied and wayworn. I was young and

SEE

W I am weak,
rest on Thee!
Closer still!
twilight draws

reets and take
's smile
rtha's hands
erful evening

ts, and Peter,

s?
ist has gone
s so, 'tis so.
y, I seemed
native hills
w oft I've seen
ts bring back

to mine.
church—once

or's love;
aster's voice
very near—
eil which time
e beyond,

n to see
the sea
eping? Hush!
ed the world
one another;
Now bear me

ld is this.
Are the streets
e? "The holy
arist's beloved,

d open wide
e comes a light
ny soul at eve,
atmos, Gabriel

lder. See! it

e pearly gates.
before!
ansomed sang
oud it sounds;
hinks my soul
re these who

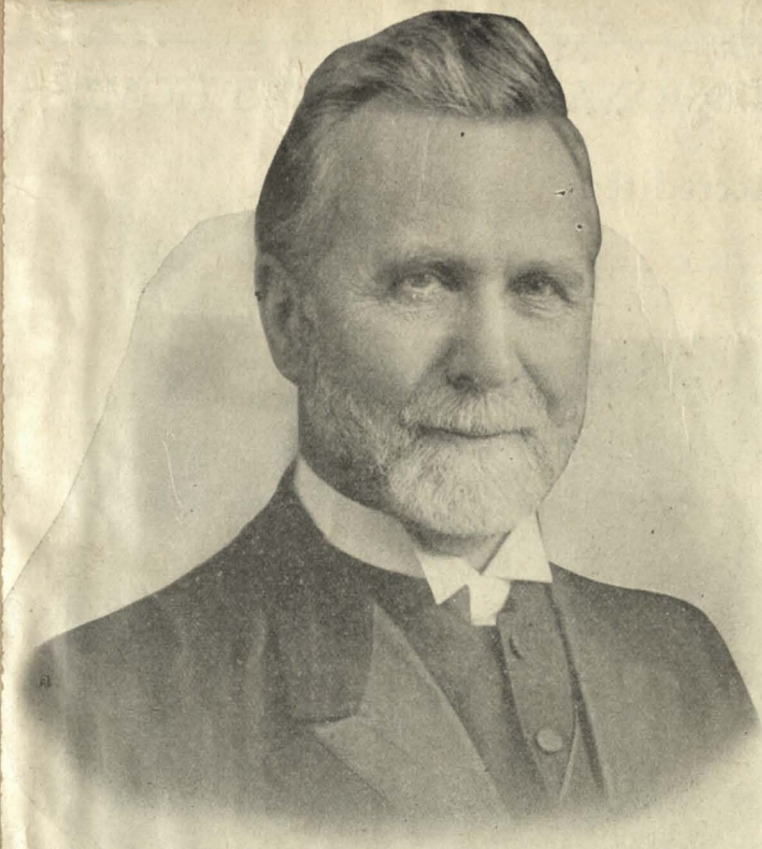
is the eleven!
he looks!
beaming on

re complete
al feast. My

rd! my Lord!
he very same
n the hundred

up, dear Lord,
abide.

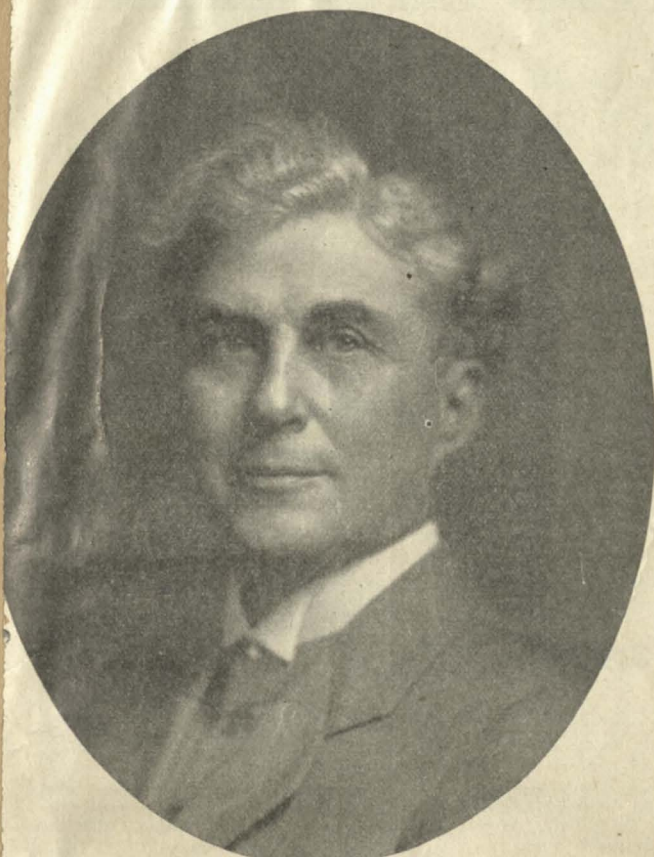
—Frances Eastwood.



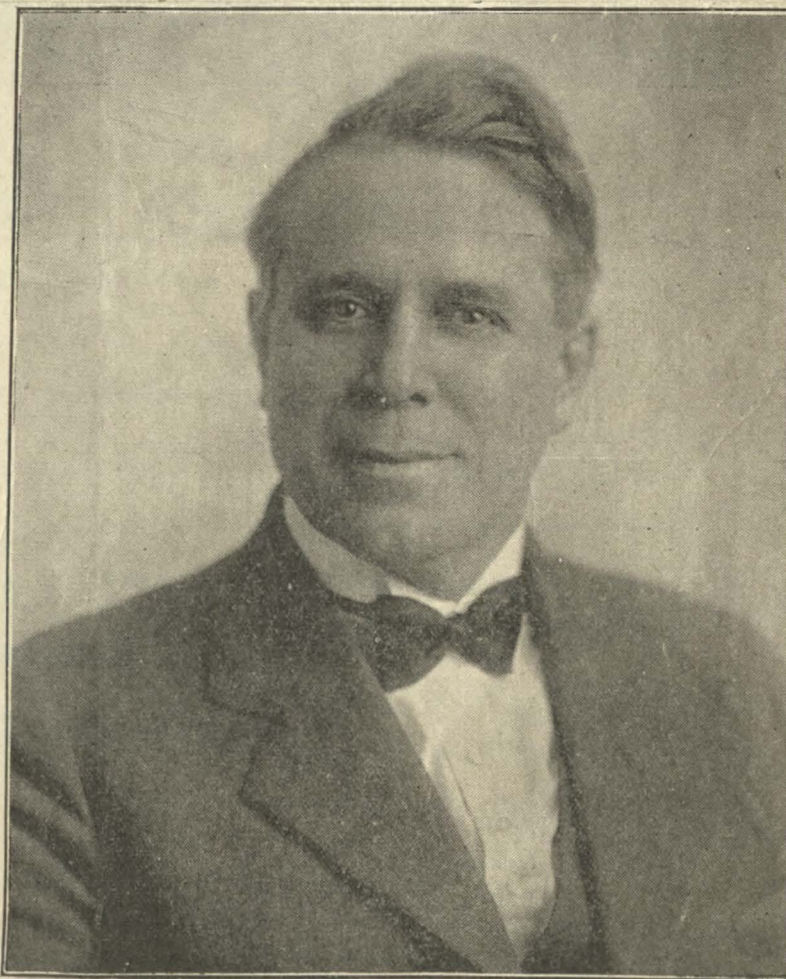
Joseph H. Smith, "Church Bean-shooter!" God saved him!



Charles H. Babcock, ball player! Now Preacher!



E. E. Shelhamer, wicked, converted! Globe-trotter for God!



Charlie Slater, Railroader! Seven-Seas Missionary!

CHANGED

The fascinating stories of these men, with others, will appear in the Pictorial Edition. I know "God's Revivalist" Family will welcome the monthly Pictorial Edition. I believe it is going to be a great blessing to thousands of unconverted in the homes where "God's Revivalist" goes. Anyone desiring to send the Pictorial Edition, only, (monthly) to friends, can do so at fifty cents a year.

The whole world musical. Incarnate love
Took hold of me and claimed me for its own;
I followed in the twilight, holding fast
His Mantle.



Taylor University

BULLETIN



UPLAND, INDIANA, OCTOBER 1940

Matriculation Day Address

Well Known Preacher Gives Stirring Message

God Gives Taylor Revival

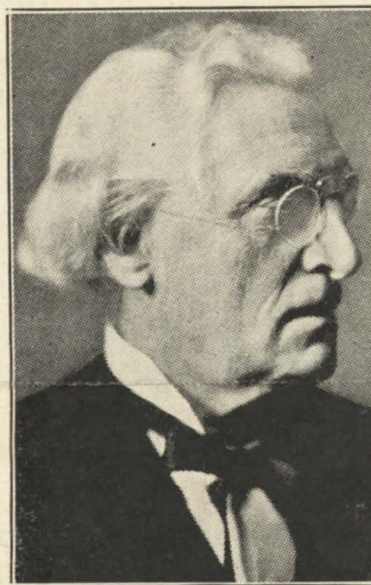
Comments on Progress of School

Dr. Morrison was profuse in his praise of the work carried on at Taylor's campus. He was delighted with the progress that he found in all departments of the work.

When President Stuart introduced Dr. Morrison, the student body greeted this full salvation preacher with great applause. The auditorium was crowded and Dr. Morrison gave one of the greatest Matriculation Day addresses that has ever been given on Taylor's Campus. In opening his message he said:

"I am profoundly impressed and a bit embarrassed. I feel that this is more of an occasion than I had anticipated. I do not know where I could find a more splendid faculty than you have on this platform. In scholarship and religious experience they are outstanding, and you are very fortunate in being students in this great school that has gone forward for a large part of a century and sent its graduates to the ends of the earth. It is a great privilege which you enjoy in being able to attend a school like Taylor University. . . . It had not occurred to me to preach but somehow since I got here I feel I want to give you a bit of a sermon. I would not have missed this visit — to look upon these beautiful buildings and grounds, to breathe this wonderful atmosphere, and to look into your faces is a pleasure and it will remain a delightful memory."

Dr. Morrison read three passages of scripture: Heb. 11:8, Romans 4:20-21, and Heb. 11:17. Using these texts as a basis for his sermon, "The Building of a



Dr. H. C. Morrison

Great Man", Dr. Morrison showed how God called Abraham to become a great man, and how each one of these passages refers to a great crisis in the history of Abraham, testing his obedience, faith, and consecration.

Dr. Morrison, charming and attractive, was exceedingly happy in his presentation of the great truths of full salvation, and found an immediate response in our hearts to his message. He declared, "there is no group that charms me like a group of youth."

At the close of Dr. Morrison's tremendous message President Stuart pledged him that Taylor University would continue to ring true to full salvation.

Dr. Turbeville Preaches With Power

God has honored Taylor this year with a fine student body and a wonderful spirit. Dr. Turbeville is on the campus, and what wonderful messages he is giving! God is answering in a marvelous manner.

This is Thursday, the college day of prayer. Over one hundred of the faculty and student body have spent the noon time in Society Hall in an hour of intercession. The student leader designated by President Stuart at the beginning of the hour challenged the group with the text, II Chronicles 7:14 and some very searching questions about our meeting the conditions of the great promise. Following that the meeting was open to praise for all. Some ten or twelve were on their feet almost immediately to speak of definite blessings that had come into their hearts this morning at the altar in the chapel. One said, "The atmosphere on Taylor's campus had been a bit of a bore to me because I was not right with God, but now I find it is glorious." Another said, "I know that I needed something else in my life. I was a Christian but this morning I was able to consecrate my life, and God mightily filled me with the Holy Spirit."

Taylor's leadership and student body are burdened for personal victory for every student on the campus. Pray for Taylor in her God-given task.

Taylor's great system of new dormitories adds a rooming capacity of 300 to the school's facilities, with dining room for 600 and social parlors for several hundred. It is one of America's greatest college dormitories, modern throughout.

A Rare Poem.

MRS. H. C. MORRISON.



SEVENTY years ago we gave the readers of THE HERALD a poem which made a profound impression. This winter while in Florida a party who had remembered it for the past years, asked me to print it again. Knowing there are many who are getting THE HERALD now who did not take it at the time this poem was printed, I am following the suggestion to reprint it, and trust it may inspire all who read it.

Let your imagination have full play, and imagine an old soldier of the cross, one who followed Jesus while in the flesh, as he comes down to setting of life's sun, reviewing the past, feasting in memory on the happy days spent with his Saviour, and contemplating the glories that await him in the beyond for which he had been living.

It is said that when St. John grew so old he was no longer active in the Master's service, he had them carry him to the house of worship, and as he sat in his chair he would say, "Little children, love one another." But let us live again with him the scenes of his activities when he, with the Master, walked the paths of human ministrations. But he realizes that his departure is at hand. Hear him:

ST. JOHN THE AGED.

I'm growing very old. This weary head
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast,
In days long past that seem almost a dream,
Is bent and hoary with its weight of years.
These limbs that followed Him, my Master,
oft

From Galilee to Judah; yea, that stood
Beneath the cross and trembled with His
groans,

No longer bear me even through the streets
To preach unto my children. E'en my lips,
Refuse to form the words my heart sends
forth.

My ears are dull; they scarcely hear the sobs
Of my dear children gathered 'round my
couch;

My eyes so dim, they cannot see their tears.
God lays His hand upon me—yea, His *Hand*
And not His *Rod*—the gentle hand that I
Felt, those three years, so often pressed in
mine,

In friendship such as passed a woman's love.
I'm old, so old! I cannot recollect
The faces of my friends, and I forget
The words and deeds that make up daily life.
But that dear face, and every word *He* spoke,
Grow more distinct as others fade away,
So that I live with Him and holy dead
More than with living.

Seventy years ago
I was a fisher by the sacred sea,
It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide
Kissed dreamily the pebbles! How the light
Crept up the distant hills, and in its wake
Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy
fields!

And then He came and called me. Then I
gazed

For the first time on that sweet face. Those
eyes

From out of which, as from a window, shone
Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,
And lighted it forever. Then His words
Broke on the silence of my heart and made
The whole world musical. Incarnate love
Took hold of me and claimed me for its own;
I followed in the twilight, holding fast
His Mantle.

Oh! what holy walks we had,
Thro' harvest fields, and des'late, dreary
wastes:

And oftentimes He leaned upon my arm,
Wearied and wayworn. I was young and
strong,

And so upbore Him. Lord, now I am weak,
And old, and feeble. Let me rest on Thee!
So, put Thine arm around me. Closer still!
How strong Thou art! The twilight draws
apace

Come, let us leave these noisy streets and take
The path to Bethany, for Mary's smile
Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands
Have long prepared the cheerful evening
meal.

Come, James, the Master waits, and Peter,
see,

Has gone some steps before.

What say you, friends?

That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
Back to His kingdom? Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so.
I know it all; and yet, just now, I seemed
To stand once more upon my native hills
And touch my Master! Oh! how oft I've seen
The touching of His garments bring back
strength

To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.
Up! bear me once more to my church—once
more

There let me tell them of a Savior's love;
For by the sweetness of my Master's voice
Just now, I think He must be very near—
Coming, I trust, to break the veil which time
Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,
And watch His footsteps.

So, raise up my head.

How dark it is; I cannot seem to see
The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush!
My little children! God so loved the world
He gave His Son; so love ye one another;
Love God and man, Amen. Now bear me
back,

My legacy unto an angry world is this.
I feel my work is finished. Are the streets
so full?

What call the folk my name? "The holy
John?"

Nay, write me rather Jesus Christ's beloved,
And lover of my children.

Lay me down

Once more upon my couch, and open wide
The eastern window. See! there comes a light
Like that which broke upon my soul at eve,
When, in the dreary isle of Patmos, Gabriel
came

And touched me on the shoulder. See! it
grows

As when we mounted toward the pearly gates.
I know the way! I trod it once before!
And hark! it is the song the ransomed sang
Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds;
And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul
Can join it now. But who are these who
crowd

The shining way? Joy! joy! 'tis the eleven!
With Peter first; how eagerly he looks!
How bright the smiles are beaming on
James's face!

I am the last. Once more we are complete
To gather 'round the Paschal feast. My
place

Is next my Master. O my Lord! my Lord!
How bright Thou art, and yet the very same
I loved in Galilee! 'Tis worth the hundred
years

To feel this bliss! So, lift me up, dear Lord,
Unto Thy bosom, there shall I abide.

—Frances Eastwood.



Rev. and Mrs. John Thomas

The passing to his eternal reward of the Rev. John Thomas, late of Wilmore, Kentucky, but later of Tampa, Florida, will cause grief not only in the United States and Canada, but in many lands all over the world and to all classes of people.

Born in South Wales, he spent his early years in Carmathen, known as the garden of Wales. Later he came to London, England, and entered into partnership with his brother in a large department store in that city.

For some years he was a member of the Congregational Church but in his early twenties he was born again and sanctified wholly under the ministry of Mr. Reader Harris, K. C., of London, England.

He was married in 1894 to Miss Emily Neal, and they had five daughters—Miss Mary Thomas of Hoiryung, Korea; Mrs. C. M. Fawns of Geneva, Indiana; Mrs. F. E. Wells of Omaha, Nebraska; Mrs. Luther Godbey of Gresham, Nebraska; and Mrs. B. E. Macrory of Wilmore, Kentucky.

In 1903 he went to Manchester where he became a pastor of a large city church and a teacher in a Bible Training School. From there in 1910 he and his family went to Seoul, Korea, to found a Bible School for the Korean people. In 1919, during the political uprising in Korea, he was arrested and beaten by the Japanese soldiers and police, receiving severe injuries from which he never fully recovered. This necessitated his return from the foreign field; and since his three older daughters were in America, he came to this country to make his home instead of returning to England.

Then began the part of his career that has reached and touched so many people, for he was not willing to remain out of active Christian service, so he entered into evangelistic work, going all over the world, preaching to all nationalities and all denominations.

From his home he would go for months

at a time, up and down the United States and Canada where before long he became known as the "Welsh Evangelist."

Though he made several short trips to Great Britain for evangelistic services it was not until 1926 that he went to Continental Europe. During that year he visited Switzerland and Latvia, holding evangelistic services in those countries for Lettish, Polish, German, and Russian people.

During 1929-1930 he toured England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales with the Cleveland Colored Quintette, holding services in the town halls of the largest cities, among them being the East London Tabernacle seating 2500, which had never before been filled to capacity for many years. In Belfast, Ireland, the crowds were so great that they had to have two services each night in order to accommodate the people. In 1932 the same group made a return tour of these countries.

Traveling with him in 1936, the Asbury College Male Quartette, also his wife and youngest daughter, made a world tour. They went by way of Great Britain to South Africa where they spent over four months, holding a series of meetings in more than thirty cities, and in each place Mr. Thomas was used by God to win many people for Christ.

India was their next stop, and then China, where he had the privilege of holding similar services in Shanghai, Peiping, Nanking, and Tientsin, the last large religious public gatherings before the Japanese invasion of China.

Miss Mary Thomas, his eldest daughter, who is a Canadian United Church missionary, joined the party in China and they returned with her to Korea, then went to Japan enroute to the U. S. A.

Last year Rev. Thomas planned another tour, and with his wife had reached New Zealand when the present war broke out, so after a short stay in Australia, where his wife has two brothers, they returned once more to Tampa, Florida, where they have made their home since 1938.

Not many men are privileged in one short life to come into contact with and be of such service to so many people. His life was a benediction and blessing to all who listened to him preach, and the radiance of his smile and the sweet simple message he would give of the Heavenly Master whom he devotedly served, caused many a disheartened and discouraged man and woman to gain a faith that will stand the test of time.

In addition to all of this, the range of his influence will never be known because of his nation-wide radio work, for he broadcast weekly over WMAQ, Chicago, during 1929, and this past summer over The Family Altar worship hour over WDCY, Minneapolis, and over many other smaller stations. His two books containing his radio messages have had a wide circulation and have been translated in Chinese, Japanese, and Korean. He also wrote regularly for several religious papers both here and abroad.

The pen has stopped, and the voice is stilled, but a life such as this lives on for-

ever, and when the roll is called of the faithful servants and his name is sounded the group that will accompany him will be of all races and tongues, giving tribute to his faithful service here on earth.

FALLEN ASLEEP

RESOLUTIONS.

To Mrs. John Thomas and family:

Resolutions passed by the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of Asbury College.

On behalf of the Board of Trustees of Asbury College it is hereby resolved that:

Because John Thomas was a faithful member of the Board of Trustees, always in attendance, wise in counsel, godly in attitude, loving holiness, promoting harmony, a supporter of every proposal which advanced the interests of the Kingdom of God; and

Because John Thomas as evangelist preached the gospel of full salvation with the manifest presence of the blessed Holy Spirit whenever he spoke at Asbury and thereby won many for Christ; and

Because John Thomas made notable and generous gifts for the upbuilding of Asbury College; and

Because John Thomas as a resident of Wilmore on many occasions blessed town and College with his presence and godly conversation in the midst of a busy life;

Asbury College, its trustees, faculty and student body wish to express deepest sympathy to his wife and children in their sorrow which we share; to rejoice in the abundant entrance he has had into the presence of our Lord; to mourn because we shall in this world see his face no more; to praise God that we have been privileged to know one of God's choice saints.

"After this it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons by the same post as the other; and had this for a token that the summons was true, 'That his pitcher was broken at the fountain.' When he understood it, he called for his friends, and told them of it. Then, said he, I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am got thither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I had been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder. When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river-side, into which as he went he said, 'Death, where is thy sting?' And as he went down deeper, he said, 'Grave, where is thy victory?' So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

Signed, Executive Committee

W. L. Clark, Chairman,
Z. T. Johnson,
O. H. Callis,
Kenneth Hutcherson,
V. L. Moore,
W. P. Davis,
C. G. Sageser,
W. W. Cary.

The Coronation

BY

John Thomas is to come up higher from his adopted land. It was very beautiful Sunset Park, where a charming little world traveler could see the sunset of a life with dew and wind and sunlight. There clouds in the evening lined with silver; frowned in vain at the light; and he bowed in all its colors.

He had traveled the kingdom of heaven. He had loved people with a kindness that could be the love of Saviour. Heaven may prove always spoken in the heart of any bishop.

He did not use man's wisdom; but with an intelligent audience, white, knew what it was without knowing without a roar.

He readily associates, and up he preached and preached. A mixed with the other in Christ. Exotic him seem as from when he was at home.

John Thomas was a man that Christ loved to live; that death entered life, not to enter people, death is but that the key of death are proof against and Oriental plagues highways of traffic responsive when he hither." Rev. 4 brother could have dication of his home who knows but prophet's eye, and be hereafter." I that we could see trustful wonder Father will do all



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The Coronation of John Thomas.

BY JOHN PAUL.

John Thomas is gone. He received his call to come up higher on September 20, 1940, from his adopted home city of Tampa, Fla. It was very beautiful there, especially around Sunset Park, where he had been able to build a charming little bungalow, in which the world traveler could rest and await the golden sunset of a life day that had been marked with dew and winds and clouds and meridian sunlight. There were some very heavy clouds in the evening. But to him they were lined with silver; and their dark surfaces frowned in vain against the battering floods of light; and he and his friends were laughing in the joy of faith and watching a rainbow in all its colors, when the boatman came.

He had traveled farther as an agent for the kingdom of heaven than William Taylor. He had loved people, all people, with a tenderness that could hardly have been exceeded by the love of Saint John. The roll call in heaven may prove that his ardent testimony, always spoken in the language of the heart, has brought more sons of glory than the sermons of any bishop of the church.

He did not use great swelling words of man's wisdom; but spoke with fervor, and with an intelligence which impressed each audience, white, black or brown, that he knew what it was all about. He was brave without knowing that he was brave; a lion without a roar. He was unaware of a humility that readily impressed itself upon his associates, and upon the audience to which he preached and witnessed, and witnessed and preached. A humility which was well mixed with the other graces made available in Christ. Exotic graces that always made him seem as from another country, even when he was at home and among his kin.

John Thomas was one of our best arguments that Christians are saved not to die, but to live; that deliverance from sin was to enter life, not to enter heaven. With all such people, death is but an incident. They know that the key of death is in safe hands; they are proof against bombs, and sinking ships and Oriental plagues and wrecks upon the highways of traffic. But they are very responsive when that Voice says, "Come up hither." Rev. 4:1. We wish our sainted brother could have lived to witness the vindication of his homeland across the sea. Yet who knows but that he has seen it with a prophet's eye, among "the things which must be hereafter." No one that knew him felt that we could spare him; and we wait in trustful wonder to see what our heavenly Father will do about filling his place.

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New Maytag Gymnasium



The divine art of music reaches its highest human expression here. T. U. Music Building.

VOL. XXVII., NO. 2

APRIL, 1935

Issued 9 or More Times a Year

Maytag Gymnasium Consecrated

By J. Frank Cottingham

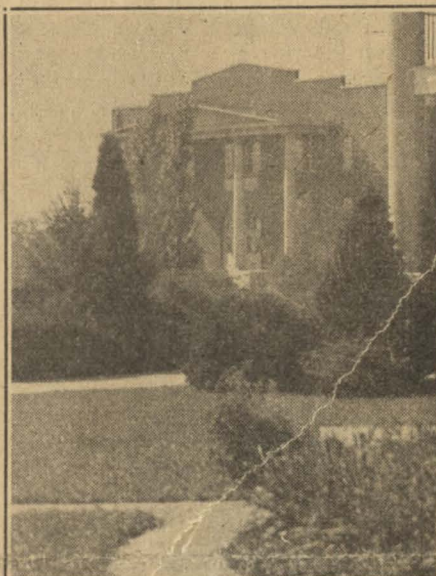
Some said that it could not be accomplished, a real revival and the out-pouring of the Holy spirit in the gymnasium. Some believe that the atmosphere of Gothic architecture, rose windows and the soul swelling music of the pipe organ are necessary to realize the presence of God. Some felt the size of the Conference should be limited to the number which could be accommodated in the Chapel. A Chapel, although plain, is dedicated to God. Others remembered that Jehovah walked in Eden, that he walked between the offering of Abraham and passed between the stones, that he also placed a ladder on the stone pillow at Bethel. If God could sanctify that stone at Bethel, and forever mark Zion as his dwelling place why could he not Sanctify the Maytag Gymnasium. We too would prefer a Gothic temple with its lights and shadows, and music and quiet restful air. But a missionary-preacher must be content to meet his Lord anywhere, in market places, under the shade of the bamboo or in the hut of the one sitting in darkness, some have even preached Christ in that den of iniquity, the cock-pit.

Seven States Represented

The Youth Conference Committee met in the office of President Stuart to decide. The Lord was present, saying; I am sending this multitude. Then prayer was made that God might Sanctify the Maytag Gymnasium.

On the appointed day the youth, cream of seventeen denominations, arrived. They came from east and west, north and south, from the pine forests of Michigan to the Ohio river and from the great city of Buffalo to the fertile plains of central Dakotas. The sum of the distance traveled by the Dakota and Buffalo groups adds to more miles than Wiley Post went on his journey around the world. A mighty host of Youth, 1000 strong, came to settle spiritual problems.

Reader, try to visualize one scene



Maytag Gymnasium

of the many in the big Gymnasium. The pianos, the choir, the pulpit and the altar which was sufficient for sixty seekers, then the great audience.

Answer to Prayer

Prayers have been offered, songs of praise have been sung, the preacher has preached, the Holy Spirit is moving very quietly among the people, moving silently but mightily and here they come to seek God, tears are flowing, some of penitence and some are tears of joy. The harvest time has come for which the students have been praying. They have sown the seeds with weeping they are reaping now, with joy thirty, sixty and one hundred fold as during the time more than three hundred young people came into definite relation to God in salvation from sin or the blessed experience of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Who Are They?

That fine fellow with the black hair and eyes looks like a basketball center; he is and is the son of a fine pastor at B.... Bill walked down from the bleachers, passed

Many Alumni Will Attend Commencement

This year many alumni are planning to return to their Alma Mater at the Commencement season. Why not make your plans now to return to Taylor, and renew those old acquaintances? A fine program is being planned.

Baccalaureate Speaker

President Harry M. Gage, D.D., LL.D. of Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, will deliver the Baccalaureate address on Sunday morning, June 2.

Commencement Speaker

Bishop Ralph S. Cushman, D.D., LL.D. of the Denver Area of the Methodist Episcopal Church will give the Commencement address on Tuesday morning, June 4.

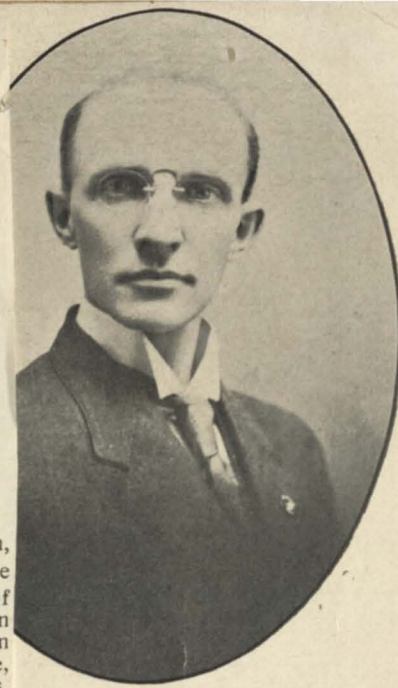
under the basket (now tied to the roof) to consecrate his life to his Lord. That fine young woman kneeling in the center, a college graduate from a great institution, a teacher in a large high school, listen to her prayer;- "Holy Spirit come into my life that I may become a real witness for my Lord in the school and in the town." Yes, God did send His Spirit. That large man is a doctor, he says, "The Spirit of God is so real here that His presence fills the whole campus, quiet with power."

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," this said Jesus. How great the joy must be when so many find God! Brother T. H. Maytag must be rejoicing with us today. Dear man of God, surely the Father hath opened the windows of Heaven to let you see our Gymnasium sanctified by the Holy Spirit!

Beloved Taylor Alumni and friends, this is your Alma Mater a Power House of God for the churches and the world.... Taylor must live to bless the world. By God's grace we will help.

*Hand the money for the gymnasium
And soon after his death to glory
his wife soon following.*

RALPH DODGE AND HIS FIRST TAYLOR BIBLE SCHOOL CLASS IN AFRICA



The above picture shows Rev. Ralph Dodge, a Taylor graduate in 1931, with his first graduating class from the William Taylor Bible School in Quessua, Angola, Africa. Rev. and Mrs. Dodge (Eunice Davis '31) are working with the students in this school named after Bishop William Taylor, and are doing a marvelous work with the native workers there. Rev. Dodge writes:

"... Founded by Susan Talbott Wen-

gatz about a year before her tragic death, the William Taylor Bible School is one of the most important institutions of the Angolan church. Each year, from forty to fifty young men, most of them with a few years of pastoral experience, attend this school for three months, coming in classes of from 12 to 20 at a time. . . . This school has one unique feature: pupils may not apply for admission. No, they are called. Thus, the missionaries can choose the most worthy, deserving, or needy as the case may be. Any native feels it a distinct honor to be asked to attend the Bible school."

to keep her from any evil results if it was His will, but if not . . . then she chose only His will. We all felt sure that she would be spared to us, and she often begged us not to be so certain that our faith would receive a shock if this proved to be God's time for her. She was so completely in His hands always that her last days were a blessing to everyone. And after she realized that she had the disease she was victorious. I was with her from the first, and shall never be the same again for having shared those precious upper-room scenes when the Everlasting Arms that she had trusted so long supported her so marvelously during the five days of such awful agony as I hope never to witness again in a human being. Many times she said, "The last enemy to be conquered is death." Could any death be more terrible than one by hydrophobia? And yet she conquered it gloriously, and triumphed up till the "abundant entrance" was granted her.

Almost every breath during the last two days was prayer. When the awful convulsions, that are a part of this disease, seized her every few minutes, her cry was always, "Hold me, Lord, hold me!" And He did so visibly hold her until many of the more terrifying symptoms were completely conquered in Jesus' name. Hundreds of times she repeated it, "In Jesus' name I will die," not raving mad, but as a Christian. And in Jesus' name she did keep her mind until the last, and she did die as a Christian. The last few hours before she went off in a semi-conscious state she tried to sing the chorus of "We have an anchor that keeps the soul"; and she kept asking Mr. Wengatz, Mrs. Edling, and myself, who were with her: "Does your faith hold? Will it hold when the final test comes?" We assured her it would hold, and she asked us again, "You won't fail me in the great test?" and then bade us good-bye and told us she would see us "in the morning." Occasionally she would open her eyes, exclaiming: "Oh, the music of heaven! Don't you hear it? Do you see the great light that I see? Jesus is there!" She had asked us that the last words she should ever hear from us as she made the crossing be "in Jesus' name." She was too far gone to answer us except with shining eyes and the rapture of heaven in her smile, but we could catch whispers at times. "It does not fail. Help, John, Lord." And at the very end such a faint whisper, "Yes, Lord, in . . . Jesus' . . . name!" and watching, it almost seemed that we could see the door open and hear His, "Well done, thou faithful one."

And in spite of the fearful suffering and agony, I have never seen a more beautiful expression on the face of anyone, so peaceful, so happy. Loving hands made the beautiful casket, dug the grave, and did the last things for her. We laid her tired body near the new Taylor Bible School in Quessua, the last child of love that she had brought into

WENGATZ, the man without a country, first German vowels Oct. 13, 1880, on board ship, N. Y., he claims as the town of his birth. He was obliged to leave the public work at the age of ten, and did not return to his native land until he was eighteen years old. He spent his early years in Cazenovia Seminary. During a part of his sojourn there, he was connected with the Wilcox Detective Association. After spending two years in the M. E. Ministry, he entered Taylor University, and is a graduate of the class of '09 from the Greek Theological Course. He expects to go to Africa to labor there for Christ.

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Mr. Wengatz surely needs your prayers. He has been divinely sustained, but he is utterly crushed. He wants to stay by her work, but it will only be by the grace of God. Angola cannot spare him, too. We are counting on all of you in everything. Do not fail her. Her work is only just begun, and must go on through all our combined efforts to completion, in Jesus' name.—Cicilia L. Cross.

MALANGE, ANGOLA, AFRICA.

It would be a stout heart, indeed, that could read the story of the death of this heroic missionary without being moved to its depths. That death in such hideous form should have overtaken her in her garden, in the midst of her happy, blessed, useful life, seems inexplicable. Many who knew and loved her in their hearts has questioned, "Why?" and while our finite minds grope blindly for an answer, memory brings the message of a sweet old hymn—which somehow explains things. From the depths of a hard experience George Matheson wrote:

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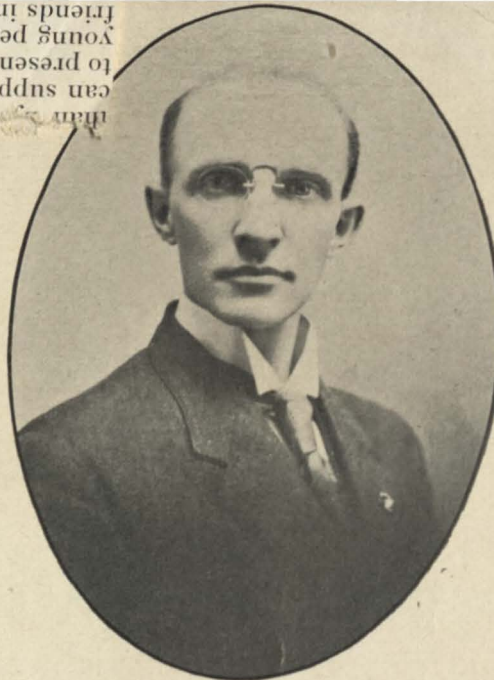


Susan Moberly Talbott made glad her mother's home in Coatsville, Indiana. Moved to Orleans, Indiana, when quite young. Graduated from the Orleans High School in 1904. Spent the summer of 1903 in the Shorthand Training School in Indianapolis. Entered Taylor University in the fall of 1905. Traveled with the T. U. Ladies' Quartette during the summer of 1908. President of the Volunteer Band during the year 1908-09. Expects to be a foreign missionary.

Both natives and missionaries felt that our hope was in God, and I wonder if any one person anywhere ever had so much prayer going up for weeks as she did. She was so beloved by our native Christians that the churches just gave themselves to that one task while she was in danger. And our Christians know how to pray the believing prayer that brings the answer, so we must believe that *her work was finished*, and that the Lord had need of her elsewhere, although we cannot yet see how Angola is going to get along without her. Her own mind was kept in great peace all through. On the day she was bitten, when we discussed her trying to get to Europe for help, she insisted that she stay and await developments, for she said she was sure that nothing could come into her life that God did not permit, and that "accidents" do not happen to those who are wholly the Lord's. In her praying she always reminded the Lord that He was able to keep her from any evil results if it was His will, but if not . . . then she chose only His will. We all felt sure that she would be spared to us, and she often begged us not to be so certain that our faith would receive a shock if this proved to be God's time for her. She was so completely in His hands always that her last days were a blessing to everyone. And after she realized that she had the disease she was victorious. I was with her from the first, and shall never be the same again for having shared those precious upper-room scenes when the Everlasting Arms that she had trusted so long supported her so marvelously during the five days of such awful agony as I hope never to witness again in a human being. Many times she said, "The last enemy to be conquered is death." Could any death be more terrible than one by hydrophobia? And yet she conquered it gloriously, and triumphed up till the "abundant entrance" was granted her.

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JOHN C. WENGATZ, the man without a country, pronounced his first German vowels Oct. 13, 1880, on board a vessel. Steuben, N. Y., he claims as the town of his nativity. He is a product of the rivers and lakes of the Adirondack Mountains. He was obliged to leave the public school to work at the age of ten, and did not return to his education until he was eighteen years old. He spent three years in Lee Center Union School, preparing to be a public school teacher. Later he followed his studies for five successive years in Cazenovia Seminary. During a part of his sojourn there, he was connected with the Wilcox Detective Association. After spending two years in the M. E. Ministry, he entered Taylor University, and is a graduate of the class of '09 from the Greek Theological Course. He expects to go to Africa to labor there for Christ.

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The Little Doctor of Labrador

"Whom the King Delighteth to
By Labrador" — course

TWO BOYS once built a tiny boat on the shores of the River Dee; they called her *The Reptile* and they painted her red, and they sailed her down the Dee and out on the Irish Sea. They loved boats and the sea; they were descendants of that valiant old sea dog, Sir Richard Grenville, who fought the whole Spanish fleet in 1591 with just one ship, *The Revenge*.

They grew up there by the sands of Dee, with the wild wind of the sea in their faces and the salt tang on their lips. One of them, Algernon, became a famous teacher; the other, Wilfred, became a missionary doctor famous around the world. He is Sir Wilfred Grenfell, knighted by his Majesty the King of England for his work among the fisher folk of Labrador.

He never intended to do work like that. He planned to be a doctor in old England; he went through college and medical school and he was an interne in a hospital in London's slums when he dropped in one night to hear a man preach in a tent. That tent thrilled him; to pitch it and to hold a service in it, there in the east end of London, there in the grim, gray, poverty-stricken slums, was a brave idea. But a brave young preacher was doing it; he was Dwight L. Moody.

Grenfell drifted in and sat down; a London preacher was praying, one of those long prayers that put you to sleep. The young interne was nodding when a voice shook him, the voice of Mr. Moody, who was saying, "While Brother Smith is finishing his prayer, suppose we all sing Hymn Number Six." Grenfell sat up straight. Here was a man after his own heart, a man who dared do the unusual thing, to cut red tape. He began to think right there of being a *Christian* doctor, a medical missionary.

A week later he was teaching a church-school class of the toughest boys in London. They were hard to handle, but he knew how to handle them; they soon found out that this young teacher could run faster, swim farther, and hit harder with a boxing glove than they could; he took them swimming on Saturdays, and talked to them on Sundays of Jesus Christ, and they listened. They were heartbroken when he went off in a hospital boat to work among the fishermen of the North Sea.

He had his office and his operating room on a brand-new little hospital ship that bobbed like a cork; on the starboard bow he carved the words, "Heal the Sick"; on the port bow, "Preach the Word." He did both, all over the North Sea, and as far away as the shores of Iceland. He went anywhere, everywhere that a doctor or a minister might be needed. He went one night to the Fast-

and on sea and an upheaval of the ice, and they found themselves adrift on a huge block of ice. The cake broke in two, and the sled slid down into the water. The doctor slashed the harness, and pulled his dogs to safety. Then they drifted.

It was so bitter cold that Grenfell had to draw his knife and cut the throats of Moody, Watch, and Spy; he clothed himself in their skins to keep from freezing to death. He made a pole of their leg bones, tied his shirt to it, and waved it constantly. Toward morning he thought he saw the flash of an oar, but he

wasn't sure. It was the flash of an oar; some sealers had seen him; they came out and took him into their boat. He was exhausted and snow blind, and his fingers and toes were frozen. The sealers were amazed when they discovered that he had been floating all night, not on an ice cake, but on a block of frozen snow.

On the walls of his house today there is a little bronze tablet, reading: "To the memory of three noble dogs, Moody, Watch, and Spy, whose lives were given for mine on the ice."

Such were the hazards, the perils Dr. Grenfell faced for years in Labrador. Completely cut off from home and friends, he has given his life to the men and women of the frozen North, lost himself in that strange far land. That, he says, is as it should be, for "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." All Labrador is filled with people saved by him, with boys and girls he saved at birth, and to whom he gave health and wisdom as they grew. They all know the words he has carved round the wheel



Sir Wilfred Grenfell, and his wife, Lady Anne

of his hospital ship: "Jesus saith, Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." And the words on the blue pennant flying from his main mast, "God is love."

He has given them much more than medicine. Beside the big hospital he has built at Saint Anthony, there is an orphanage with the words over the door, "Suffer the little children to come unto me"; there is a day school, and an industrial school, a carpenter shop and a steam laundry and a co-operative store which he named, in a flash of his great good humor, the "Spot Cash." That sign isn't a joke; it is the sign of one of his greatest triumphs. He built it in a battle with the greedy traders who were making a disgraceful profit out of the poor settlers and the ignorant natives. He also built cattle barns, and stocked them with imported Jersey cattle; he built a big birdhouse and carved over its door, "Praise the Lord, ye birds of wing."

Towering over all Saint Anthony is the steeple of the church. Grenfell insisted on that: he wanted to put God highest in their town. He never operated on anybody, up there, without a prayer; he never left a patient without a New Testament after the operation. He has healed with faith as much as with scalpel; in him, the doctor and the minister have merged. He has done everything, as the words on his birdhouse have it, to "praise the Lord" who led him to Labrador.

Dr. Grenfell has the urge to keep on with his great work as long as his strength will permit. In spite of reports that he had retired from active service because of a heart ailment, he has found it possible to return to his old field of labor. He sailed from Montreal on July 17, 1939, for Labrador to resume the work he began there in 1892. Shortly before that, accompanied by fifty mem-

(Continued on page 4)

The Little Doctor of Labrador

(Continued from page 1)

bers of a Grenfell Society, he visited the World's Fair in New York. He is acting in accordance with the sentiment expressed by the poet Masfield:

"I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer her by . . ."

And the people of that bitter land must be searching their seas for sight of his sail, wondering when the Little Doctor will be coming back.

Lady Anne Grenfell, wife of Sir Wilfred, died December 10, 1938, in Brookline, Massachusetts. She was a great helpmate to her distinguished husband. It was she who developed the Child Welfare Department of the Grenfell Mission and the fund that enabled promising students from Newfoundland and Labrador to receive training in the United States and Canada.

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9, will recall Mrs. East Walnut Street, Illinois, who visited with her son-in-law

of the books reviewed in these columns ordered from The Methodist Book

CHARLES
Wilfred Thomason Grenfell, 76, British physician who became world famous as the "Labrador doctor," died Wednesday night at his home here. Oct. 9, 1940

OUR TWIN BABIES.

[Sadie Louise Miller.]

DEAR little Black-eyes, o'er brim-
ming with fun,
Cheeks full of dimples—hands
never still;
Feet ever ready on errands to run
For the Goddess of Mischief, who
hastens to fill
My dear baby's heart
With her cunning art.
Yet, dear little Black-eyes, you're my
precious one.
Sweet little Blue-eyes, so lovely, so
pure,
Heavenly treasure, sent from above,
Face like the face of an angel, I'm sure;
With your bright golden ringlets,
you merit the love.
Which to you I impart
From the depth of my heart,
My sweet little Blue-eyes, I look and
adore.

THE HILLS OF

OH, the hills of
With their birch
And their maple
I can't help but love
And the laurel of
And the hazel thickets green,
Are more fresh and more alluring
That ever I have seen.
Every dale is filled with grandeur
In the beautiful sunrise,
And the mountains, streams and
valleys,
Are a perfect paradise.
I have crossed the Rocky Mountains,
Seen McKinley's noble crest,
And I've seen the rough Sierras
In the glorious southwest,
I have seen the far-off Andes,
And the Alps cold icy peaks,
And many hills and valleys
While on my worldly treks,
And I know a mental picture
As I roam the seven seas,
Of the distant Himalayas
And the Spanish Pyrenees.
But the hills of Pennsylvania
I simply can't forget,
Somehow they're more endearing
Than any I've seen yet.

—Harold Matthews
Reynshanhurst.

the man with five talents who made five talents more. Likewise today even the person who has few abilities and opportunities may give God entire satisfaction if he gives himself fully to Him and then does his best.

(By John M.)

The blowing of the wind
ing of the day
Was the harbinger of
taint of pay;
There was music in the
wheels began to hum
And a rhythmic sort
rolling of the drum
As long as coal was
gins were in trim
The boys would keep
shades of night we
And then they'd fix up
had caused delay,
And work far in the
the trains away.
From Twenty-eight
'twas up the hill
And then descend the
far below;
By gravity to Honesd
mart they would
And take all kinds of
er day was done.
Along the line from
would travel east
Until they reached the
boating now has
But in the good old
more than sixty
The docks and boats
by scrapping volt
The "lights" came be
steam and fans ar
And there were men
never seemed dism
For they could handle
or set a brake for
And get a train from
things were in reg
Those good old tim
chimes were blow
Have passed away bu
haunt us like a dr
For since the year of
the old road cease
The romance of a rail
variety.
For the Shepherd's c
curve, the spur an
The old shave-pit at
and the drum wit
The cone and ling, the
and the twist that
Are all in the minds
who received a sn
Now ponds are lakes
and strangers com
To see the sights from
and the fields of W
The trains roll by wit
modern sort of wa
While the gravity me
scars and celebrat
Read at Farview
Sept. 1, 1903.

make his task relatively easy, while the former must needs go to the jungles and select his lumber and other raw products which must be hauled to the site of construction. Here the log is set up on a cross-bar or wooden horse and cut into lumber by a hand saw. A chalked string marks the required thickness of the boards, and with one carpenter standing above on the log and the other standing or sitting below the saw is pushed and pulled down the length of the timber. These crude pieces of lumber are deftly shaped into doors and windows, tables and chairs.

The common laborer is the fundamental unit of building work, and he or she it is that bears the brunt of the burden. Their task is rarely piece work and, as human nature is the same the world over, the foreman must of necessity keep a sharp eye open for the would-be loafers. Their duties range from that of carrying stones for the mason to that of picking up crude lime in the adjoining fields for the manufacture of cement. Squads of men go out into the dense jungles where bamboos are cut and loaded into the two-wheeled carts to be used later for scaffolding. This trip frequently leads these laborers into the haunts of carnivorous beasts and their job may at times be rather dangerous. Sometimes, instead of carting the logs out of the jungles, the lumber is cut into boards near where the trees are felled and then carried to the site of construction.

Cement is often made on the compound. Laborers, usually women, take their baskets and go out into the fields or grazing lands where they pick up lime stones, which are burned in a large kiln and thus used in the manufacture of cement. Cord wood for the lime kiln is cut out in the jungles and hauled to the compound, where it is stacked under the lime for fuel. Then the kiln burns for several days, crumbling the stones into a fine powder. The soft glow of this fire may be seen for miles in the dark of the night.

Stone cutters belong to a separate class and are to be distinguished from the stone masons. The former find the large granite boulders in the jungles and cut these into pieces of approximate size, while the latter take these rough blocks and chisel them into a smooth and finished product. This class of rather primitive men, the stone cutters, are a hardy group who in every sense of the word earn their living by the sweat of their brows. Finding a large granite boulder which may measure anything from two feet to six feet in diameter, they proceed to break this mass into smaller blocks. The instrument of destruction used is a heavy, short-handled hammer into which is set a small metal nose of steel which can be removed for reforging and resharpening. The stone cutter, stripped to his waist, hammers the rock in a series of long sweeping strokes until the granite splits in the

— STORAGE POCKET FOR CLIPPINGS

well known in Great Britain, where he has often lectured on his great work in Labrador; but "Sir Wilfred Grenfell" is new to British audiences. That is to say that, having been honoured by the King with a knighthood last year, he is now paying his first visit since then to the Homeland. He arrived recently at Liverpool on the Cunarder "Seythia" from Boston for a three months' lecturing tour. Never was the honour conferred on the heroic missionary-doctor more richly deserved. It is now



LADY AND SIR WILFRED GRENFELL.
(Photo: L.N.A.)

nearly forty years since he first surveyed the fisheries of Labrador. When he arrived there, after a trying and hazardous journey, the call for help was such that Grenfell knew he had "found his job" in life. How he has spent himself in Christlike service for the needy fisherfolk in that inhospitable land, even at the risk of life itself, is known to all who have any interest in the heroisms of medical missionary enterprise, and will ensure a hearty reception for Sir Wilfred wherever he goes. The story of John B. Gough, the great temperance reformer and orator of a former generation. The author has set forth the character of a man who during his day was a master of assemblies. He raised his voice in behalf of the masses of the people, and gave himself without reserve as an advocate for temperance and sobriety. He was an opposer of the liquor traffic, an indicter of saloons, and a proclaimer for prohibition. The story is written in a very fascinating style which reads easily, moves forward rapidly, and is presented in the form of a biographical novel containing the facts of the great orator's life and a sketch true to the original.

Lincoln at Gettysburg, by William E. Barton (pub. Bobbs Merrill Co.; \$4). The eminent Lincoln biographer, author of this volume, now occupies a very high position as a student of Abraham Lincoln and his times. He is the most outstanding student of the life of the greatest American President. He has produced many volumes commanding the respect of researchers, the commendation of historians, and the recognition of other biographers. This volume discusses every phase of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, which has become one of the most famous pieces of English literature ever spoken or written. It is to be found to-day in the halls of one of the colleges at Oxford, England, and is reckoned as a sample piece of excellent English. If you want to know all about Lincoln going to Gettysburg and the speech he delivered there, then read this book.

Catholicism and Christianity, by Cecil J. Cadoux (pub. The Dial Press; \$6.50). Here is a large book which presents a vindication of progressive Protestantism by a great English scholar. It presents a full and fair-minded examination of the claims of Catholicism, Romanism, and Anglicanism from the point of view of the liberal Free Church. This is one of the most serious attempts to cover the entire field of thought we have as yet seen. The author has done his work so thoroughly that doubtless his volume will become a classic, and also one of the most outstanding books for collateral reading in theological seminaries throughout Protestantism. The last two chapters on "The Future of the Christian Church" are worth the price of the book. Indeed, we are enthusiastic over this volume. It is an epoch-making volume which at this time should be widely read, thoroughly mastered, and preached with passion and power in every pulpit in American Protestantism.

Any of the books reviewed in these columns may be ordered from The Methodist Book Concern.

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Dr. Grenfell's

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— Sir
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It was so bitter cold that Grenfell had to draw his knife and cut the throats of Moody, Watch, and Spy; he clothed himself in their skins to keep from freezing to death. He made a pole of their leg bones, tied his shirt to it, and waved it constantly. Toward morning he thought he saw the flash of an oar, but he

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On the walls of his house today there is a little bronze tablet, reading: "To the memory of three noble dogs, Moody, Watch, and Spy, whose lives were given for mine on the ice."

Such were the hazards, the perils Dr. Grenfell faced for years in Labrador. Completely cut off from home and friends, he has given his life to the men and women of the frozen North, lost himself in that strange far land. That, he says, is as it should be, for "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." All Labrador is filled with people saved by him, with boys and girls he saved at birth, and to whom he gave health and wisdom as they grew. They all know the words he has carved round the wheel



Sir Wilfred Grenfell, and his wife, Lady Anne

of his hospital ship: "Jesus saith, Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." And the words on the blue pennant flying from his main mast, "God is love."

He has given them much more than medicine. Beside the big hospital he has built at Saint Anthony, there is an orphanage with the words over the door, "Suffer the little children to come unto me"; there is a day school, and an industrial school, a carpenter shop and a steam laundry and a co-operative store which he named, in a flash of his great good humor, the "Spot Cash." That sign isn't a joke; it is the sign of one of his greatest triumphs. He built it in a battle with the greedy traders who were making a disgraceful profit out of the poor settlers and the ignorant natives. He also built cattle barns, and stocked them with imported Jersey cattle; he built a big birdhouse and carved over its door, "Praise the Lord, ye birds of wing."

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(Continued on page 4)

The Little Doctor of Labrador

(Continued from page 1)

bers of a Grenfell Society, he visited the World's Fair in New York. He is acting in accordance with the sentiment expressed by the poet Masfield:

"I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer her by . . ."

And the people of that bitter land must be searching their seas for sight of his sail, wondering when the Little Doctor will be coming back.

Lady Anne Grenfell, wife of Sir Wilfred, died December 10, 1938, in Brookline, Massachusetts. She was a great helpmate to her distinguished husband. It was she who developed the Child Welfare Department of the Grenfell Mission and the fund that enabled promising students from Newfoundland and Labrador to receive training in the United States and Canada.

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9, will recall Mrs. East Walnut Street, Illinois, who visited with her son-in-law

OUR TWIN BABIES.

[Sadie Louise Miller.]

DEAR little Black-eyes, o'er brim
ming with fun,
Cheeks full of dimples—hands
never still;
Feet ever ready on errands to run
For the Goddess of Mischief, who
hastens to fill
My dear baby's heart
With her cunning art.
Yet, dear little Black-eyes, you're my
precious one.
Sweet little Blue-eyes, so lovely, so
pure,
Heavenly treasure, sent from above,
Face like the face of an angel, I'm sure;
With your bright golden ringlets,
you merit the love.
Which to you I impart
From the depth of my heart,
My sweet little Blue-eyes, I look and
adore.

THE HILLS OF

OH, the hills of
With their be
And their maple
I can't help but
And the laurel on
And the hazel thickets green,
Are more fresh and more alluring
That ever I have seen.
Every dale is filled with grandeur
In the beautiful sunrise,
And the mountains, streams and
valleys,
Are a perfect paradise.
I have crossed the Rocky Mountains,
Seen McKinley's noble crest,
And I've seen the rough Sierras
In the glorious southwest,
I have seen the far-off Andes,
And the Alps cold icy peaks,
And many hills and valleys
While on my worldly treks,
And I know a mental picture
As I roam the seven seas,
Of the distant Himalayas
And the Spanish Pyrenees.
But the hills of Pennsylvania
I simply can't forget,
Somehow they're more endearing
Than any I've seen yet.

—Harold Matthews
Reynshanhurst.

the man with five talents who made five
talents more. Likewise today even the
person who has few abilities and oppor-
tunities may give God entire satisfaction
if he gives himself fully to Him and
then does his best.

(By John M.)

The blowing of the w
ing of the day
Was the harbinger of
taint of pay;
There was music in th
wheels began to h
And a rhythmic sort
rolling of the drum
As long as coal was co
gines were in trim
The boys would keep c
shades of night we
And then they'd fix up
had caused delay,
And work far in the
the trains away.

From Twenty-eight
'twas up the hill t
And then descend the
far below;
By gravity to Honesda
mart they would r
And take all kinds of
er day was done.

Along the line from F
would travel east
Until they reached the
boating now has
But in the good old
more than sixty y
The docks and boats v
by scrapping volu

The "lights" came ba
steam and fans an
And there were men t
never seemed dism
For they could handle
or set a brake for
And get a train from
things were in rep

Those good old time
chimes were blown
Have passed away but
haunt us like a dr
For since the year of
the old road ceased
The romance of a rail
variety.

For the Shepherd's cr
curve, the spur and
The old shave-pit an
and the drum with
The cone and ling, the
and the twist that
Are all in the minds o
who received a snu

Now ponds are lakes
and strangers com
To see the sights from
and the fields of W
The trains roll by with
modern sort of wa
While the gravity me
scars and celebrate

Read at Farview
Sept. 1, 1906.

make by Medes and Persians, which altereth not." ^{changed, according to the law}
for Daniel goes to his house, and his windows being
shut in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled
upon his knees, and gave thanks before his God, as
he did aforetime. Remember there will always be a
good atmosphere in your house and heart when your
windows are open toward the heavenly Jerusalem.
Twice the Cabinet Ministers of King Darius remind



Building for Sunday-school. — This is a
point of comfort as well as of distance—from some of
the Sunday-schools in this country. It is the building
in which Miss Ramsay had her school. (See article on page 62.)

him that no decree or statute which the king estab-
lishes can be changed! (vers. 12 and 15).

The King is Caught in Their Trap,
Thand Daniel is cast into the den of lions, and a great
intstone was laid upon the mouth of the den, and sealed
anwith the king's own signet; "that the purpose might
darnot be changed concerning Daniel."

Daniel passed a most comfortable night, but the
ing a sleepless night, and rose early in the morn-
bering, a
trees niel

The Passing of Mrs. Wengatz

ERE this you have doubtless read in the
church papers of the home-going of
our beloved sister, Mrs. J. C. Wengatz,
on the early morning of January 16, after
a few days' awful suffering from hydro-
phobia. She and her husband returned from
their lovely trip to Cape Town about No-
verber 1, both in splendid health and full of
new energy and enthusiasm for the work.
And they both went at it harder than ever,
and they had always given themselves un-
stintedly to their beloved work for the peo-
ple of Angola. Mrs. Wengatz spent four
and five hours a day teaching the young
people of the Malange church to sing parts,
something she had never attempted before,
in addition to her already full program, and
many eager plans were made for evangelistic
meetings in the near future; but it was not
to be. *Her work was done*, although it does
not appear so yet to our finite eyes.

On the eleventh of December her church
women had gathered for their weekly prayer
service at seven in the morning. Everyone
who knew her knows how she loved flowers.
Her yard made the mission the best-known
spot in Malange because of its beautiful
flowers, and especially its roses, that grew
like magic for her. It being a few minutes
until service time, she took her scissors and
went out to cut a vase of roses for the house.
Looking up, she saw a strange dog crossing
a bed of flowers that she had planted the day
before. She was at once all anxiety for her
precious flowers, and threw out her hand to
frighten him off. He sprang for her and
buried his teeth in her arm. Mr. Wengatz
hurried her to the hospital, while the neigh-
bors killed the dog, that was said to be mad
and had escaped the attempts of its owner
to kill it the day before. Preventative meas-
ures were taken immediately, and then Dr.
Kemp, our mission doctor, went to the coast
to try to find the anti-rabies serum which
must be injected at once to be effective.
There were no boats going either direction,
so there was absolutely no chance for her
to get out in time to get help. And as one
would expect in a land like this, the serum
was not to be found in Angola. The doctor
sent cables to Portugal and to the Belgian
Congo to send it on the first boat. A cable
also went to Bishop Johnson, and he imme-
diately got busy, located the serum, and there
being no other way, sent it from Johannes-
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vanced too far ere she began the injections
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— STORAGE POCKET FOR CLIPPINGS

net Lighthouse in a raging storm and on a wild sea. He rowed his dinghy in close to the lighthouse; the men inside let down a rope and pulled him up into a window sixty feet above. He set the keeper's broken leg, held a prayer meeting, and was let down again into his rowboat.

That was Grenfell's apprenticeship in the North Sea; he served a year there, and then he heard that the fishermen of Labrador, the ice-bound heroes who shot seals and walrus and who harpooned whales, needed a doctor. He went to Labrador with a ketch-rigged boat like a yawl; he called her *The Albert*. The natives of Labrador thought at first that he was mad, going up and down their rocky, icy, wreck-strewn coast in such a boat; within a year they would have given their lives for him.

He sailed *The Albert* north, south, east, and west. Was there an old woman sick in an igloo? He went. Had a whaler twenty miles at sea driven a harpoon through his leg? He put to sea. He drove *The Albert* in and out of icebergs and floating ice blocks that would have crushed it like an egg shell, had they managed to trap him. Was a baby about to be born, twenty miles across the ice? He went. His boat turned over, went on the rocks, was driven out to sea by a ninety-mile gale; a dozen times he was thought lost, drowned in the sea; a dozen times he turned up, hearty and laughing; one old Irish skipper scratched his head and said, "Sure, the Lord must kape an eye on that man."

On Easter Sunday, in 1908, came word that a little boy was desperately sick in an Eskimo village thirty miles away. There was a blizzard raging, but what of it? Grenfell hitched his Huskies to the dog sled, cracked his whip, and started. His lead dog was Brin; the others were Doc, Spy, Jack, Sue, Jerry, Watch, and Moody (named for that evangelist in the East End tent?).

They had to cross an arm of the sea on ice; a ten-mile run over deep water. As they were crossing, there came a shift in the wind, a swell of the sea and an upheaval of the ice, and they found themselves adrift on a huge block of ice. The cake broke in two, and the sled slid down into the water. The doctor slashed the harness, and pulled his dogs to safety. Then they drifted.

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Sir Wilfred Grenfell, and his wife, Lady Anne

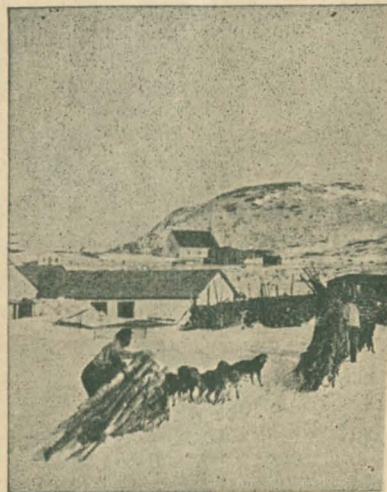
of his hospital ship: "Jesus saith, Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." And the words on the blue pennant flying from his main mast, "God is love."

He has given them much more than medicine. Beside the big hospital he has built at Saint Anthony, there is an orphanage with the words over the door, "Suffer the little children to come unto me"; there is a day school, and an industrial school, a carpenter shop and a steam laundry and a co-operative store which he named, in a flash of his great good humor, the "Spot Cash." That sign isn't a joke; it is the sign of one of his greatest triumphs. He built it in a battle with the greedy traders who were making a disgraceful profit out of the poor settlers and the ignorant natives. He also built cattle barns, and stocked them with imported Jersey cattle; he built a big birdhouse and carved over its door, "Praise the Lord, ye birds of wing."

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(Continued on page 4)



Dr. Grenfell's

The Little Doctor of Labrador

(Continued from page 1)

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'Labrador Doctor' Dies

CHARLOTTE, VT. — (UP) — Sir Wilfred Thomason Grenfell, 76, British physician who became world famous as the "Labrador doctor," died Wednesday night at his home here. Oct. 9, 1940

9, will recall Mrs. East Walnut Street, Illinois, who visited with her son-in-law

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that river bed between those two small hills in the jungles behind us. So we might continue showing the work of the laborers in central India and comparing this with the duties which are the lot of those in this country. One who was well versed in the architectural methods of the Occident might think that his progress in the wilds of India would prove easy, but ere long he would learn how far wrong he actually was and have considerable respect for those who superintend such work. Years of contact are necessary to learn the ways of the Indian laborers.



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Women's Activities



The Wayfarer

VERNA LOVEDAY HARDEN

I sometimes walk uncharted ways
And look not for Thy footprints there,
Until I see a starless sky
And fields unflowered, hedges bare.

And sometimes when a cloud of self
Across mine eyes is darkly drawn,
I stumble on as in the night,
And do not see the shafts of dawn.

But oh, the joy of faring, Lord,
On ways Thy sandalled feet have trod,
Where all Thy kindly words and deeds
Illume the path that leads to God.

Where Thou hast walked is safe for me,
There beauty and all truth are found;
My heart upsprings at every step
I take upon this hallowed ground!

The Passing of Mrs. Wengatz

ERE this you have doubtless read in the church papers of the home-going of our beloved sister, Mrs. J. C. Wengatz, on the early morning of January 16, after a few days' awful suffering from hydrophobia. She and her husband returned from their lovely trip to Cape Town about November 1, both in splendid health and full of new energy and enthusiasm for the work. And they both went at it harder than ever, and they had always given themselves unstintedly to their beloved work for the people of Angola. Mrs. Wengatz spent four and five hours a day teaching the young people of the Malange church to sing parts, something she had never attempted before, in addition to her already full program, and many eager plans were made for evangelistic meetings in the near future; but it was not to be. *Her work was done*, although it does not appear so yet to our finite eyes.

On the eleventh of December her church women had gathered for their weekly prayer service at seven in the morning. Everyone who knew her knows how she loved flowers. Her yard made the mission the best-known spot in Malange because of its beautiful flowers, and especially its roses, that grew like magic for her. It being a few minutes until service time, she took her scissors and went out to cut a vase of roses for the house. Looking up, she saw a strange dog crossing a bed of flowers that she had planted the day before. She was at once all anxiety for her precious flowers, and threw out her hand to frighten him off. He sprang for her and buried his teeth in her arm. Mr. Wengatz hurried her to the hospital, while the neighbors killed the dog, that was said to be mad and had escaped the attempts of its owner to kill it the day before. Preventative measures were taken immediately, and then Dr. Kemp, our mission doctor, went to the coast to try to find the anti-rabies serum which must be injected at once to be effective. There were no boats going either direction, so there was absolutely no chance for her to get out in time to get help. And as one would expect in a land like this, the serum was not to be found in Angola. The doctor sent cables to Portugal and to the Belgian Congo to send it on the first boat. A cable also went to Bishop Johnson, and he immediately got busy, located the serum, and there being no other way, sent it from Johannesburg, a distance of more than two thousand miles, by airplane. No time was lost, but at that twelve days had elapsed before it reached her, and the disease had evidently advanced too far ere she began the injections for them to check it.

Both natives and missionaries felt that our hope was in God, and I wonder if any one person anywhere ever had so much prayer going up for weeks as she did. She was so beloved by our native Christians that the churches just gave themselves to that one task while she was in danger. And our Christians know how to pray the believing prayer that brings the answer, so we must believe that *her work was finished*, and that the Lord had need of her elsewhere, although we cannot yet see how Angola is going to get along without her. Her own mind was kept in great peace all through. On the day she was bitten, when we discussed her trying to get to Europe for help, she insisted that she stay and await developments, for she said she was sure that nothing could come into her life that God did not permit, and that "accidents" do not happen to those who are wholly the Lord's. In her praying she always reminded the Lord that He was able to keep her from any evil results if it was His will, but if not . . . then she chose only His will. We all felt sure that she would be spared to us, and she often begged us not to be so certain that our faith would receive a shock if this proved to be God's time for her. She was so completely in His hands always that her last days were a blessing to everyone. And after she realized that she had the disease she was victorious. I was with her from the first, and shall never be the same again for having shared those precious upper-room scenes when the Everlasting Arms that she had trusted so long supported her so marvelously during the five days of such awful agony as I hope never to witness again in a human being. Many times she said, "The last enemy to be conquered is death." Could any death be more terrible than one by hydrophobia? And yet she conquered it gloriously, and triumphed up till the "abundant entrance" was granted her.

Almost every breath during the last two days was prayer. When the awful convulsions, that are a part of this disease, seized her every few minutes, her cry was always, "Hold me, Lord, hold me!" And He did so visibly hold her until many of the more terrifying symptoms were completely conquered in Jesus' name. Hundreds of times she repeated it, "In Jesus' name I will die," not raving mad, but as a Christian. And in Jesus' name she did keep her mind until the last, and she did die as a Christian. The last few hours before she went off in a semi-conscious state she tried to sing the chorus of "We have an anchor that keeps the soul"; and she kept asking Mr. Wengatz, Mrs. Edling, and myself, who were with her: "Does your faith hold? Will it hold when the final test comes?" We assured her it would hold, and she asked us again, "You won't fail me in the great test?" and then bade us good-bye and told us she would see us "in the morning." Occasionally she would open her eyes, exclaiming: "Oh, the music of heaven! Don't you hear it? Do you see the great light that I see? Jesus is there!" She had asked us that the last words she should ever hear from us as she made the crossing be "in Jesus' name." She was too far gone to answer us except with shining eyes and the rapture of heaven in her smile, but we could catch whispers at times. "It does not fail. Help, John, Lord." And at the very end such a faint whisper, "Yes, Lord, in . . . Jesus' . . . name!" and watching, it almost seemed that we could see the door open and hear His, "Well done, thou faithful one."

And in spite of the fearful suffering and agony, I have never seen a more beautiful expression on the face of anyone, so peaceful, so happy. Loving hands made the beautiful casket, dug the grave, and did the last things for her. We laid her tired body near the new Taylor Bible School in Quessua, the last child of love that she had brought into

existence only a year before. Hundreds of natives, broken-heartedly, came to mourn over her; and yet, somehow, all of them caught a new vision of the reality of Christ, and are putting themselves into the work as never before. None of them mean to fail their dear crowned leader and mother. And we, too, will not fail her. We cannot take her place, but we will all, working together, carry on her beloved work. And we are counting on her friends in America to stand by her work now as never before. Don't fail her. You will miss her interesting letters, yes, but through the Advocate, at least, we will keep you informed, and we will expect you to help us carry on. Just now, if you want to do something special in her memory, send a little extra to help finish up the Malange church that she watched going up day by day with so much pride and joy. For her dear sake make a sacrifice, and respond.

Mr. Wengatz surely needs your prayers. He has been divinely sustained, but he is utterly crushed. He wants to stay by her work, but it will only be by the grace of God. Angola cannot spare him, too. We are counting on all of you in everything. Do not fail her. Her work is only just begun, and must go on through all our combined efforts to completion, in Jesus' name.—Cicilia L. Cross.

MALANGE, ANGOLA, AFRICA.

It would be a stout heart, indeed, that could read the story of the death of this heroic missionary without being moved to its depths. That death in such hideous form should have overtaken her in her garden, in the midst of her happy, blessed, useful life, seems inexplicable. Many who knew and loved her in their hearts has questioned, "Why?" and while our finite minds grope blindly for an answer, memory brings the message of a sweet old hymn—which somehow explains things. From the depths of a hard experience George Matheson wrote:

"O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red,
Life that shall endless be."

Mrs. Wengatz's work on earth is done. Her torch has been handed on; but from that little mission in Africa the seed she has sown in the lives of others will spring up and blossom to eternity.

The Value of a Smile

It costs nothing, but creates much.

It enriches those who receive without impoverishing those who give.

It happens in a flash, but the memory of it may last forever.

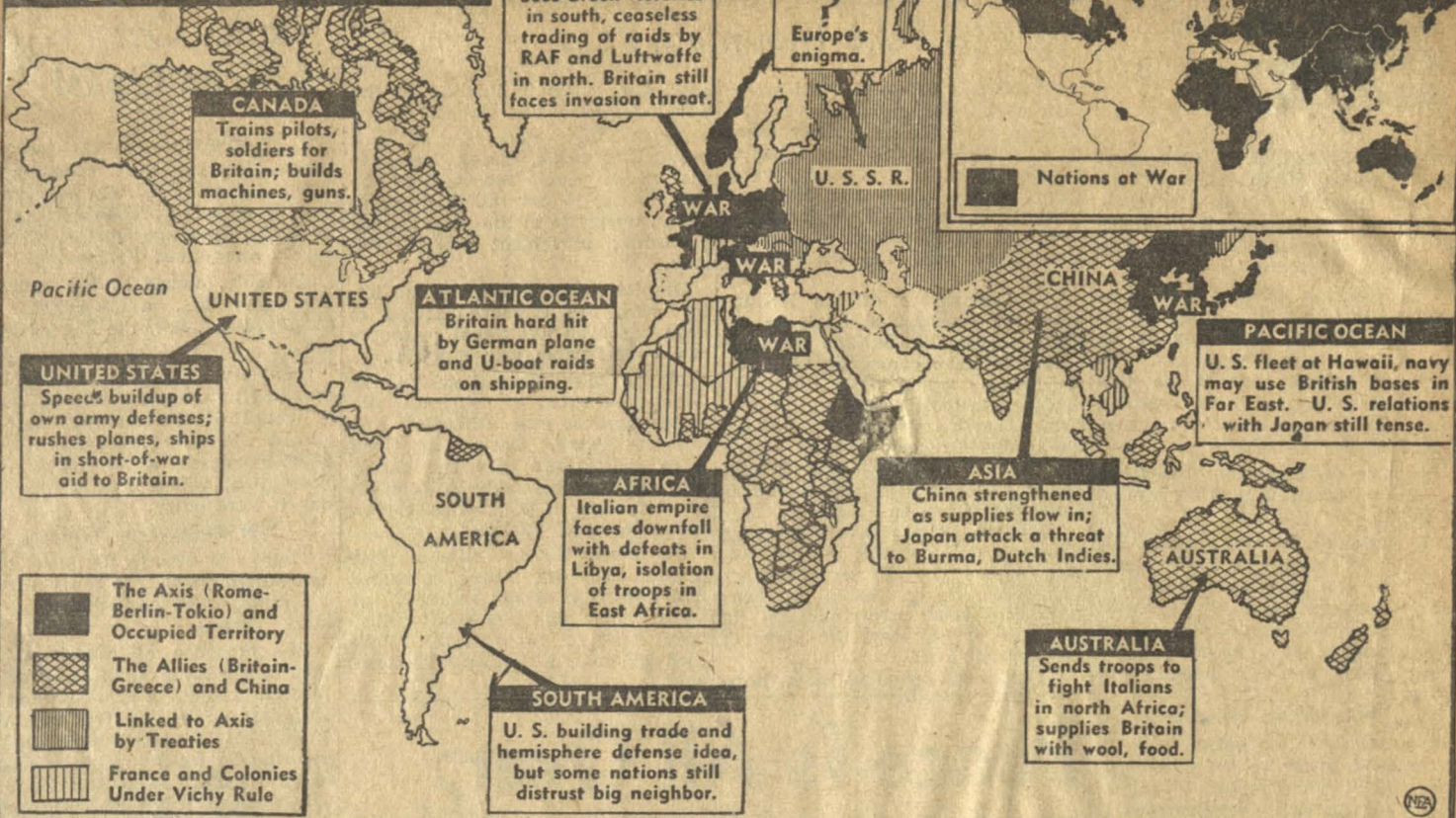
None are so rich they can get along without it, and none so poor but they are richer for it.

It creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in business, and is the countersign of friends.

It is rest to the weary, daylight to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and nature's best antidote for trouble.

Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen, for it is something that is no earthly good to anybody until it is given away; and nobody needs a smile so much as those who have none to give.—Aaron S. Watkins.

WORLD OF 1941



Rip
By V

SITUATION.—Here is the situation in six continents and two oceans as the world at war enters 1941.

MEN AND APES.

We contemplate the manlike shapes of divers breeds of foreign apes and say: "The scientists may trace their kindred to the human race; it may be in a million years they will attain to higher spheres and take their places side by side with man, who struts in pomp and pride." Just now a pleasant lot is theirs; they have no troubles and no cares; they live in far sequestered vales and swing from branches by their tails, and if they have enough to eat their happiness is quite complete. They live their lives in thoughtless mirth, then die and tumble off the earth. But evolution, say the seers, may change them in a million years, and they may then take active part in high affairs of state and mart, contribute to the magazines and market brands of pork and beans. The manlike apes are happy now; they do not have to push the plow; they bear no burdens on their backs; they have to pay no income tax. I hope the apes appreciate their present gay and cheerful state as they proceed to evolve and leave the status of the brute they'll run against the million woes that man in high position knows; they may bewail, with jaws agape, their evolution from the ape.

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Rippling Rimes

By WALT MASON

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[illegible]

A detailed black and white illustration of a wooden ladder. The ladder is shown in a three-quarter view, leaning against a wall. It has several rungs and a sturdy frame. The drawing is done in a simple, sketchy style with visible wood grain and joints.

Window Shades
2 for \$1

WAR MACHINE.

WALT MASON.

WALT MASON.

WALT MASON

WILHELMINA'S GUEST.

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HOHENZOLLERN.

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SPORTS

LATE NEWS

DETAILS ARE ON PAGE

United States without regard at Washington, D. C., Nov. 20.

Company officials said they had received no details as to the location of the ship, but it was believed that it was in the possession of the British.

Despite fierce resistance and bitter cold, the Greeks claimed to have captured additional prisoners and considerable war material. In the south coastal sector, the Greeks reported a continued advance against ever stiffening Italian resistance. They said there were indications that the enemy was resisting furiously in an effort to gain time to prepare an effort to push the British back.

The importance of the Kiliassura drive with the coastal left flank and on Valona in a co-ordinating movement toward Valona. Berat, objective in the right flank's movement toward Valona.

The Montana senator was commenting on the telegram signed by the white house Thursday. The telegram urged that it be this country's policy to do "everything to insure the Italian have been falling back under pressure of Greek advances along the Albanian coast." The telegram was "that we go to the Axis powers."

Wheeler declared that the sense of the telegram was "that we go to the Axis powers." The telegram was "that we go to the Axis powers."

THE WAR MACHINE.

The mighty German war machine is busted in the road; the greatest engine ever seen broke down beneath its load. The wise mechanics flock around and try to make repairs; old Hindenburg, he paws the ground, and Chuffer Wilhelm swears. Says Ludendorff, "This blamed old boat will never run again; it's lost its everlasting goat, and we are hoodooed men." The kronprinz, smeared with mud and grease, crawls from beneath the car, and says, "Perhaps a plea for peace, just now, would travel far. While this old ark could hit the plain at fifty miles an hour, all talk of peace gave me a pain—I gloried in its power. But while we pushed it we forgot, methinks, to knock on wood; our Jonah's got us now, I wot, and peace looks pretty good." And then exclaims his haughty sire, "The blame must go your way; you would put on that wornout tire, that blew out every day. If Me und Gott had run this boat, with none to interfere, I would not mourn my royal goat, which you made disappear." Says Hindenburg, "The motor's works kick up an awful din; we'll have to telephone the Turks to come and haul us in." The war machine is in the ditch, a sad and ghastly wreck, and Wilhelm mourns, in doleful pitch, the windshield round his neck.

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O, Wilhelmina, may I not congratulate you on your guest? His merry ways will hit the spot, and give your humdrum life new zest. There's something doing 'all the time when little Willie is on deck, some fascinating curves in crime, new stunts in arson, death and wreck. He's come to eat your Holland prunes, with you he'll rest and break his fast, and I would always count the spoons when he has finished his repast. The kaiser at your door has knocked, you've let him in, without his crown; now see the henhouse safely locked, and all your portables nailed down. O, Wilhelmina, may I not suggest a safe deposit vault, for all the goods you prize a lot, for everything except the salt? Your visitor's a charming skate, when he has will and wish to please, but, while he strives to fascinate, hang firmly to your cupboard keys. No doubt 'twill grieve your gentle heart to see him with his crownless brow, but you should bid your tears depart until you have secured the cow. His hair is white, his check is pale, he bears the marks of misery, but, while you listen to his tale, just chain your palace to a tree. He'll doubtless talk of me und Gott until your woman's heart is sore, but, Wilhelmina, may I not suggest a strong new cellar door?

WALT MASON.

smile or gambol o'er the acres. He's nervous, restless and upset, like some old hen that's broody, although he's in the limelight yet—but what's become of Ludy? Von Tirpitz bobs up now and then in news from o'er the water, although he isn't sending men to raw, unlicensed slaughter. He saw his navy loop the loops and in black sorrow stewed he, yet still he paws around and whoops—but what's become of Ludy? And Ludendorff, six months ago, was greater than the greatest, the prophet he of war and woe, the champion all round hatist. He was the German hope and prop, the military dude he; now all the others whine and yawp, but what's become of Ludy?

WALT MASON.

ever wore a padded crown, the blamest and all highest king, who jarred an empire with his frown? He moved around his realm in state and when he neared an honored town the burgomaster, at the gate, gave him the keys, while kneeling down. And now the Holland days are drear, the Holland folks show signs of hate, repeating, "You're not wanted here—why don't you pull your royal freight?"

WALT MASON.

HOHENZOLLERN.

For many years old Kaiser Bill accomplished fine things for his state; we must admit, already still, that as a hustler he was great. He helped the state in every way, by every fair and unfair means; and now his thankless people say, "Twas Kaiser Bill who spilled the beans." Now who remembers how he wrought, to up-build German industries, and how he gave his midnight thought to finding marts for German cheese? Forgotten are his coal tar dyes; men think but of his submarines, and daunt his spirit with their cries, "You are the guy who spilled the beans!" If Bill had dreamed no war lord stuff, he would have honored throne and crown; for he had done big things enough to earn a fair and fine renown; but now he humbly sows his wood, and humbly hoes his patch of greens, while peasants say, "He is no good—he is the jay who spilled the beans." How it must gall the exiled Hun to know that busy men forget the saner things that he has done, to talk about his one fool bet! How he must weary of the game, when on his window sill he leans, and hears the passers-by exclaim, "There is the skate who spilled the beans!"

WALT MASON.

you think you have a woe, but it's an imitation, there isn't any that I know in all this blooming nation. The kaiser has it stored away in boxes, bales and cases; it's all in his old castle gray, there's none in other places. It's really useless scratching round for any brand of sorrow; you cannot buy it by the pound, no gallon can you borrow. The kaiser has it salted down, it's in his safe deposit; old Bill, the king without a crown, old Bill, the great what was it. So don't pretend you're in despair and sprinkle teardrops many; for Bill has cornered all the care and he won't part with any.

WALT MASON.

God's anointed or bask at ease upon a throne with all the world disjoined. "A king is but a poor excuse," he said, his banner flying, "if he won't scrap to beat the dence when his own folks are dying." He hung his crown upon a nail, put mothballs in his ermine, and like a farmer with a flail he thrashed the bloody German. A thousand kings have stalked in pride since thrones were first invented; a thousand kings have reigned and died, their scepters owned or rented; a score have won undying fame, by men's applause rewarded; in all the list no nobler name than Albert's is recorded.

WALT MASON.

